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Atlantic insight



**Can "Allan J."
go all the way?**

**In Newfoundland:
Geoff Stirling
one-ups the CBC**

**In New Brunswick:
Saint John's hot
over City Market**

**On the Island:
Anne of Green Dollars**

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Atlantic Insight



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Feedback

Defending Don

Dick Brown devotes more attention to the whining of disgruntled Rae Simmons than to the "whining" of Don Messer's fiddle (*What's This? A New Disc by Good Old Don Messer*, March). He refers to Canada's beloved entertainer as "the cheapskate's cheapskate" and used quotes such as "just plain mean" and "liked by nobody." The truth is that Don rarely offended or quarrelled with anybody. His frugality was understandable in the light of the difficult times he lived through and his failing health. Don accomplished a miracle in holding together a band for so long. *Atlantic Insight* has done a national disservice by publishing such a scantly researched, vindictive tirade.

L.B. Sellick
Rockingham, N.S.

Highway 101

Your March edition gives rise to second thoughts and some doubts as to the quality and calibre of certain articles. There seems to be emerging an effort to influence rather than inform. A case in point is *Some Valley People Hate This Highway*. The aspersions and innuendoes seem designed merely to confuse and disguise the issue. The accusation of a Department of Highways official exceeds normally acceptable bounds, even though carefully couched in the form of a quotation.

J.R. McIsaac
Bridgetown, N.S.

Kudos

I seldom read a magazine from cover to cover. *Atlantic Insight* is an exception. I love it. Discovering Atlantic VIP's rejoices me. Your article, *Those "Other" Acadians. They're in Louisiana* (March), is a good opening for this year's celebration of the 375th anniversary of the founding of Port Royal. During a recent visit in France, I discovered "other" Acadians. They all remember l'Acadie of Nova Scotia as their homeland.

Leger Comeau,
President

Fédération Acadienne de la Nouvelle-Ecosse Halifax, N.S.

Correction

An article on alternate energy technology in the Jan-Feb issue carried a statement that should have read, "A policeman and a barber, hardly candidates for a shaggy community, occupy the two Conserver One houses at Hillsborough." Due to an editing error, the word *shaggy* appeared as *classy*. *Atlantic Insight* apologizes for any embarrassment caused by this error.

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Editor's Letter

"I've got this letter from Papua New Guinea"

These are the fellows who keep the salt in the blood.

Knowing it fresh in themselves, needful as hope,

They give to the cities bordered with woods and grass

A few homesick men, walking on alien streets;

A few women, remembering misty stars

And the long grumbling sigh of the bay....

— From "Words Are Never Enough," a poem by the late Charles Bruce.

The fellows who kept the salt in the blood were the men who made the news in the Twenties and Thirties by sailing the *Bluenose* to her famous victories over the mightiest schooners the New Englanders could muster. Every time the *Bluenose* hit the headlines in places as far from the sea as, say, Lethbridge or Salt Lake City, she aroused in the minds of the self-exiled sons and daughters of Atlantic Canada a flickering, bitter-sweet flash of the homes they'd left behind them. Here at *Atlantic Insight*, decades later, we're doing the same thing.

A mere magazine, of course, can never be as romantic, as majestic, as gorgeously graceful as a superb sailing vessel. Nor would I dare suggest that *Atlantic Insight* rivals schooner *Bluenose* as an international symbol of down-east pride. But we are keeping the salt in the blood. We give the flavor of home to quite a few subscribers who do not live here; and, judging by our mail, most of them are ex-Maritimers and ex-Newfoundlanders. To them, getting *Atlantic Insight* can never be as good as standing right here on a down-home shore and actually seeing the misty stars and hearing the long, grumbling sigh of the bay at night, but at least it's better than nothing. We have become a monthly fix for those who, no matter how far they've gone, cannot quite lose their addiction to their birthplaces. They send us love letters.

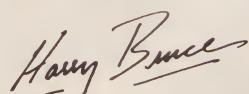
From a Newfoundland-born woman in southern Ontario: "My husband and I still 'go east' every chance we get. We were born and raised with the smell of the ocean and the genuine-

ness of the people, and an old saying applies to us: 'You can take the boy from the farm but not the farm from the boy.' All three of our children are Maritimers at heart....Long may your big jib draw." From a Sydney-born man in California: "You can take the boy out of Sydney but you can never take Sydney out of the boy. What a magazine!"

From a man in Saudi Arabia: "Since leaving New Brunswick 20 years ago, I have been waiting for *Atlantic Insight*. Thank you." From a woman in Bournemouth, England: "Being a born-and-bred Prince Edward Islander, I was really pleased to receive *Atlantic Insight*. It was great to read all the up-to-date news and views of the east coast (even though it did make me homesick), and especially as I have finally persuaded my English hubbie to visit home this year." From a man in Regina: "Reading *Atlantic Insight* is like a trip back home. Just a tremendous publication."

We never hotly pursued subscribers outside the region, and they amount to only a tiny fraction of our readership in Atlantic Canada. But they include a disproportionately high number of letter writers and, on a tough morning (of which there are many around here), it's good to get a friendly letter from a stranger in, say, Singapore, India, Malaysia, Papua New Guinea, Australia, Barbados, Prince George, B.C., or Buffalo, Wyoming.

Together, these letters remind me again of the old pain and the old joy of Atlantic Canadian history. The pain of going. The joy of coming back. The people who left on the outgoing tides of opportunity. The people who return on the rising tides of memory and affection. If *Atlantic Insight* ever has a hand in inspiring a few expatriates to abandon alien streets and bring back their brains, their energy and, yes, their love of homeland, it will be doing something it never set out to do. But that'll be just fine.



Feedback

The swinging Phantom

In your March issue, Fat City Phantom, swinging from chandelier to chandelier in fine operatic style, makes fun of a Public Works Canada memorandum which was sent to our employees to encourage them to conserve energy (*Can 500,000 Civil Servants Learn to Save Energy?*). Fair enough. On the positive side, the Phantom could have mentioned that our department has cut its liquid fuel consumption by 35.6% in the last five years. Let's hope that in our future efforts to conserve energy we don't cut off the power when the Phantom is between the chandeliers.

Guy Robillard

Manager, Information Services
Public Works Canada
Halifax, N.S.

Hickory, not Stonewall

Jon Everett's article on the Louisiana Acadians (*Those "Other" Acadians*March) was most enjoyable. I wish to point out one small inaccuracy though. The Jackson involved at the Battle of New Orleans was not Stonewall but Andrew "Old Hickory" Jackson, later seventh president of the United States. "Stonewall," Thomas Jonathan Jackson, was the great Confederate general, born 10 years after the Battle of New Orleans in 1824. Although the Acadians saw the Civil War as "somebody else's," one of the most illustrious leaders of the south was General P.C.T. Beauregard. There is no question that he was Louisiana's favorite son during the Civil War.

George A. Mills
Saint John, N.B.

Elusive spring

Though I have been following your folksy publication since its inception, I was especially impressed by Stephen Homer's photoessay, *Can Spring Be Far Behind?* (March). Not only are you to be commended for exposing this young man's obvious talent to the public, but also for including such a timely topical display as a harbinger of spring. Please Lord, not too, too long?

P. Steven Porter, MLA
Fredericton, N.B.

Fresh breeze from Nfld.

While it always appeared he would be a breath of fresh air in Atlantic politics, Brian Peckford just could be the hurricane that will clear out a lot of stale air that has been hanging around (*Brian Peckford, Politician*, March). People won't always agree with him, and some of his plans, but at least he won't leave them sitting on their complacent mental butts.

C.E. Fraser
Waterville, N.S.

It is time that the politicians in Ottawa and indeed all Canadians started to take Newfoundland seriously. What has happened in Quebec is now happening here. What Peckford calls "a revolution between the ears" was the first step. The cultural revolution followed and Newfoundlanders are now immensely proud of their rich heritage and their developing arts. The next step, the economic revolution, is about to begin. "Vive la Terre-Neuve Libre!"

D.J. DiCesare
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Kudos

It took half of my 15 years "up-a-long" to get rid of the daily pangs of

homesickness for Newfoundland: Missing big Sunday family dinners, friends, fresh fish and wide open spaces. Six months ago my sister inflicted upon me a subscription to *Atlantic Insight*. I am back to dreaming. I didn't miss your January issue. I had hoped that perhaps you'd folded. Alas, no, you just closed shop for the month. I am planning on moving and not informing the circulation department so your magazine cannot torture me 11 months a year. Enclosed a subscription for now contented transplants that I don't like. Torture them for me.

Brenda LeDrew Keyes
Palgrave, Ont.

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The Region

What's all the fuss about the fishery?

It's province vs. province, inshore vs. offshore. Meanwhile fish stocks decline and, oh yes, the Spaniards won't go away

By Ralph Surette

So you're confused about the fishery? No wonder. One minute it's supposed to make us all rich, the next it's full of dire warnings, grim alarms and whoops of battle. Talk of a Klondike gold rush of the deep was still in full flush when, over the past six months, province gripped province by the throat, inshore clashed with offshore, Tory rose against Tory, Newfoundlander against Newfoundland. Asking what's going on in the fishery is like asking who's ready to take the gutting knife to whom: Everybody's mad at everybody else.

Take A. Brian Peckford. As the pic-

lative Assembly of Nova Scotia which rose in righteous unison Dec. 7 to denounce young Brian's arts and wiles and to pledge resistance.

New Brunswick joined Nova Scotia in denouncing Newfoundland. At first it looked like a mainland huddle in the crunch. But no. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are also ready to whack each other with a sharp oar at a moment's notice. Nova Scotia wants its trawlers—the ones owned by its big companies—to fish in the southern Gulf of St. Lawrence. New Brunswick, P.E.I. and Quebec don't. They want the fish for their own fleets of smaller boats. Last fall Ottawa allowed trawlers over 100

Scotia Fisheries Minister Donald Cameron says. "If we have a country, you can't start saying certain fish are for certain provinces." Not now, you can't. But a year or so ago, you could. That's when Nova Scotia was rattling the bars for more provincial power over the fishery.

In the middle of all this, like a wild animal trainer, is the federal government. Newfoundland's James McGrath had a short reign as federal Fisheries minister but took more of a bruising than a Newfoundland should have to take from a fellow Tory Newfoundland. Brian Peckford said that Roméo LeBlanc, a French mainland Liberal, understood the fishery better than McGrath, calling the Tory minister's lack of understanding of the fishery



MacDonald

ture of young manhood in political heat, premier of a surging Newfoundland, he should be satisfied. Yet he's sore as hell. He wants everybody, especially Nova Scotians, out of his northern cod. He'll boot the rear ends of mainland companies operating in Newfoundland should they dare catch northern cod and land it on the mainland. He'll deny them licences to operate, cut them off from provincial assistance and fight as dirty as he has to. He did say he wasn't motivated by "a hatred of foreigners and mainlanders." But that didn't fool the Legis-

feet from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland to fish the southern Gulf for the first time in six years. The Gulf provinces tried to block the move through a federal-provincial fish allocation committee. They failed, but Nova Scotia squealed "betrayal".

At issue in both the Gulf and northern cod wars is whether these are Canadian resources, available to all, or the narrow preserves of provincial sultanates. Nova Scotia, home of most of the large trawlers, is expansively Canadian. "Either we're going to have a country, Canada, or we're not," Nova

"boggling." McGrath didn't take it lying down. He said he was in Ottawa defending the fishery when some political leaders he knew were "still schoolboys."

McGrath's sin was not just defending wider Canadianism but authorizing the use of freezer trawlers, which Roméo LeBlanc had opposed. Peckford thinks the trawlers are monsters which will help Nova Scotians catch northern cod and land it on the mainland. Though the official rationale for the freezer trawlers is to allow Canadians to catch hake, capelin and other "soft"

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The Region

species which require freezing at sea (and which are still being taken by the Russians inside the 200-mile zone), the boats have to spend three months of the year in Peckford's cod patch to make a dollar. Some cynics ask about the Newfoundland government's plans for a superport at Harbour Grace, plans which include freezer trawlers. There's also the question of Newfoundland trawlers fishing in Nova Scotia waters and Nova Scotian fishermen's traditional activities on the northern cod banks off Labrador, where they've fished for a century and a half. (No, they haven't, says Peckford, who has taken to fiddling with history books in his spare time.)

Peckford says he wants to keep the northern cod for inshore fishermen in Labrador and northern Newfoundland. He wants the entire 180,000-metric ton annual allocation. (Right now, 45,000 tons go to Canadian trawlers and another 25,000 to foreign ones.) In short, it's not just province vs. province but inshore vs. offshore: Small boats, small communities, independent fishermen against big trawlers, big companies, big fish plants and vertical integration. Wherever there are trawlers, seiners or draggers within 50 miles of shore there are angry inshore fishermen. And to an inshore fisherman, whether the boats slurping up the fish by the thousands of tons come from Lunenburg or Leningrad doesn't matter.

Inshore-offshore disputes are so frequent that even major incidents may pass without being reported. Such was the case in the "herring war" off Caraquet and Shippegan, N.B., last fall. Small boat fishermen demonstrated for five days on area wharfs in a move to stop the seiners from unloading. The RCMP finally used tear gas to disperse the inshoremen and a compromise agreement required the seiners to fish in deeper water. But the uneasy peace may disappear when the new season opens.

The herring war gave the Yarmouth-based Nova Scotia Fishermen's Association a chance to show that doubletalk and hypocrisy aren't the exclusive preserve of governments. Some of the seiners were NSFA members, and the organization called on the RCMP to make short work of the troublemaking inshoremen. Yet when Nova Scotia trawler captains went on strike in January to protest 1980 groundfish allocations, the NSFA called on the federal government to ban trawlers completely from fishing banks off

southwestern Nova Scotia. Let them fish on someone else's grounds!

The general principles of ethical behavior in the east coast fishery seem to be these: As the shark does, so do ye. And that's without even mentioning the semi-permanent uproar, due to erupt again this season, over whether fishermen should be allowed to sell fish directly to foreign boats at sea at high prices, over the yells and screams of the fish companies; the conflict for ocean space between longliners and gillnetters on the south shore of Nova Scotia that reportedly led to fistfights and fishermen's wives screaming at each other over the back fence; a kerfuffle over traditional fishing rights at New Brunswick's Kouchibouguac National Park, and fireworks over a looming ban on the commercial salmon fishery.

Then there are the dreadful Spaniards, Americans and Icelanders. The Spaniards are particularly noxious. They call us pirates because we've chucked them out of waters they've been fishing for half a millennium. We return the insult because they're overfishing that part of the Grand Bank outside the 200-mile limit plus the Flemish Cap, a little further off. Since fish continually migrate, this activity depletes the Grand Bank which was closed to direct cod fishing this winter for the first time. Spain has walked out in a huff from the 13-member Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization (NAFO) which sets quotas beyond the 200-mile limit and has threatened to continue fishing at will, using the destructive method of paired trawlers (two trawlers dragging a huge net between them). Ottawa promised retaliation. The two countries have begun talking again, but in the manner of two crabs jousting.

The more co-operative nations have been satisfied to practise restraint outside the limit in exchange for privileges inside. The Russians and other eastern Europeans continue to fish the soft species in freezer-trawlers while others fish some northern cod—which doesn't help Brian Peckford's blood pressure. Newfoundland wants Ottawa to declare jurisdiction over the entire continental shelf (then hand it over to Newfoundland, of course).

In the U.S., the Senate seems intent on putting off voting on the Georges Bank Treaty as long as possible, perhaps killing it with delay. Meanwhile, American fishermen are increasing the catch of scallops on the bank drastically. The result is that landings of scallops—the most valuable species in the Maritimes—dropped by

nearly 20% last year.

Iceland annoys us too. It lobbied the European Economic Community to protect its tariff position on cod and, according to Bob Moreland, a British member of the European Parliament, "some bureaucrats in Brussels were convinced." Iceland retained its 4% tariff position, while the tariff on imported Canadian cod stands at 16%. We've been one-upped.

Why all the fighting? The answer is that divisions have existed since the 200-mile limit was declared, but were kept at bay because times were getting better. The first two years after the limit—1977 and 1978—were bonanza years. Now, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick at least, the total catch has started to decline. Last year it fell by nearly 4% in Nova Scotia and nearly 20% in New Brunswick. Cod is coming back nicely in the Maritimes and there are other small bright spots. But the expectations that were so high a couple of years ago, when people talked of quadrupling the catch by 1985, aren't being met.

In Newfoundland it's a different kettle of fish. Landings rose by nearly 20% and value by 30% last year as the fishery continues a dramatic recovery. The Newfoundland fishery is based primarily on groundfish, especially cod, and doesn't have scallop and lobster problems, while the herring is doing better than in the Maritimes. It's in Newfoundland that experts see the most promise of better days ahead. The fishery is spoken of in the same breath as offshore oil, though without the same reverence. It is one of the levers of Newfoundland nationalism, and the government wants to recover nearly all of it for the province. This leads to conflict with Nova Scotia and its big companies. And that's where we came in... ☐

Feedback

Notes from exile

Congratulations to *Atlantic Insight* on a first-class publication. Since some of us easterners are exiled here in "Lougheedland," your magazine brings us back home for a while. The articles are well researched, well written and are the kind that make for enjoyable reading. Keep up the good work.

Paul W.R. Currie
Edmonton, Alta.

If Akerman goes, what next for NDP?

There are innumerable instances of leaders staying in office long after they have lost the zest for the position, long after their health may have failed, long after they have yearned to return to the ease and privacy of the average citizen.

—Nova Scotia New Democratic Party leader Jeremy Akerman in his 1977 book, *What Have You Done for Me Lately?*

Serena Renner, provincial secretary of the Nova Scotia New Democratic Party, remembers the day she first met Jeremy Akerman. The year was 1974 and Renner, a former secretary for Liberal Highways Minister Garnet Brown, was applying for a secretarial job in Akerman's office. "He didn't ask me what my politics were," she recalls, "and I was so impressed with this, because I'd been working with the Liberals making up lists on people's politics before they could get a job." Renner got the job, and eventually converted to the NDP. In those days, the middle years of Gerald Regan's adminis-



MacEwan, Akerman: The future's fuzzy

tration, Akerman stood out as an oasis of intelligent idealism in Nova Scotia. Today, Renner is still an NDP stalwart, running the party organization's day-to-day affairs from an office on Halifax's Barrington Street, but the blush is off her devotion to Akerman. She wonders whether he's lost the zest for the job.

Since the last provincial election, Akerman has grown increasingly reclusive and indifferent. He speaks out less often on public issues. In interviews with journalists, he slides into a peevish, defensive tone. "You can't talk to him anymore," complains Alexa McDonough, twice-defeated NDP candidate in the federal riding of Halifax. "It's as if this person who brought the party from the wilderness with nothing but good will and hard work has turned

on us."

A month ago, Akerman closed the constituency office he had maintained in Glace Bay for a decade. Careful attention to the problems constituents face with bureaucracy has been a major ingredient in the NDP's success, and it's ironic that Akerman is now abandoning the tool he pioneered even as the old-line parties are beginning to adopt it.

Akerman played only a minor role in the re-election campaign of former NDP MP Father Andy Hogan in Cape Breton-East Richmond. He was out of the country for part of the race, and party insiders place some of the blame for Hogan's unexpected defeat on Akerman's refusal to manage the campaign. Most unsettling of all has been the growing speculation that the NDP leader is job hunting. Akerman parries questions about his future as party leader. "If I talk about succession to my leadership," he says, "it will be assumed I'm leaving." But he's done little to discourage the speculation. He has said he'll look seriously at any offers that come along and, as party president Bob Levy says, "it doesn't take a Grade 5 education to know what that means."

For Renner, Akerman's recent style presents a sharp contrast with the man she went to work for six years ago: "I've seen him put people on the bus so they could come down here and get x-rays for their compensation claims; I've seen him pay phone bills for old people so their telephone wouldn't be cut off; I've seen him spend a solid weekend in the office, working to keep a woman on welfare from being thrown out of her home. That's the Jeremy I knew. That's not Jeremy today. So don't say it's me that's changed."

Akerman, who turns 38 this month, has led Nova Scotia New Democrats for 12 years, longer than any other party leader in Canada except Pierre Trudeau and René Lévesque. He's achieved a degree of personal popularity that runs ahead of his party, and he's known as a skilled parliamentarian and champion of the underdog. Many of his ideas have become law. But for 10 years his party's electoral fortunes have been limited to a beachhead in the mining towns of industrial Cape Breton.

The provincial election in September, 1978, was particularly discouraging. The party gained one seat, bringing its legislative caucus to four, but failed to

break through on the mainland. There, only four of its candidates managed to retain their deposits. The party's share of the vote increased only marginally, from 13% in 1974 to just over 14%.

The outcome was a bitter pill for Akerman. "I've come to the conclusion it's not responsible, statesmanlike, mellow leadership that wins elections in this province," he said recently. "Voting here is an almost purely negative thing, to kick somebody out. The public doesn't say, 'We hate the government. Now let's see who has the best programs and the best leadership.' The public says, 'We hate the government. Let's see who has the best chance of winning.'"

Partly due to these disappointments, the tenuous alliance between the NDP's mainland and Cape Breton branches is threatening to come unstuck. Akerman gained the leadership in 1968 with the backing of Cape Breton miners and steelworkers, wresting control of the party from some Halifax academics, for whom it had served as a genteel debating society. The rift was eventually mended, but old antipathies between the two wings have never been far below the surface. Akerman is the only prominent party figure who has the admiration of both its working-class supporters in industrial Cape Breton and the white-collar professionals of its mainland constituency.

As his malaise deepens, mainland New Democrats like Renner and McDonough grow less timid about criticizing him. But they reserve their most vociferous complaints for his long-time associate, Cape Breton Nova MLA Paul MacEwan, the only other New Democrat elected to the legislature with Akerman back in 1970. An abrasive, bombastic orator, MacEwan has been a lightning rod for attacks on the party ever since. He combines the zealot's unquenchable appetite for hard work with what party president Levy calls "an unhappy facility to present everything as the good guys vs. the bad guys." His legislative career got off to a portentous start when he was punched on the floor of the House by Tory MLA Mike Laffin, from the neighboring riding of Cape Breton Centre. Laffin, a dentist, knocked out MacEwan's front tooth, but MacEwan got the last laugh: The NDP knocked Laffin out of the legislature in the next election.

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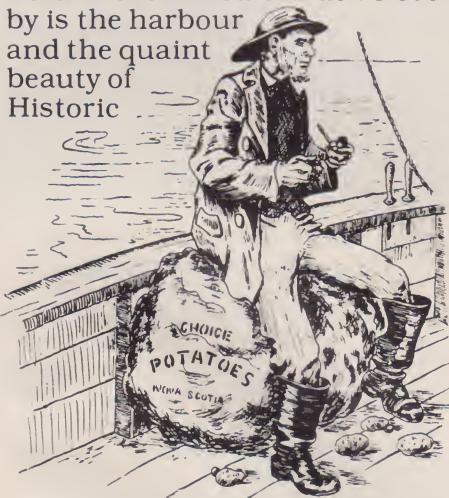
How the Bluenose and the Barrington

... which is Delta Hotels' typically colourfully beautiful new hotel in Halifax. And

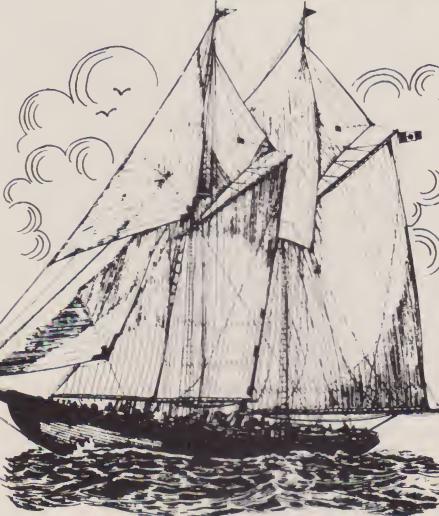
Ask three Nova Scotians about the nickname Bluenoser and chances are you'll be spun three totally different yarns. And why not? Few folks have as rich a heritage or as keen an awareness of their historical place as Nova Scotians.

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The location, at Barrington, Duke and Granville Streets, is perfect for business and holiday traveller alike. Joined by skywalks to Scotia Square and The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce Buildings, close to the 9,000-seat Metro Centre, the Barrington Inn stands at the heart of Halifax's government, financial, and business institutions. overshadowing the hotel is the famed Citadel: close by is the harbour and the quaint beauty of Historic



Bluenoser: can it be this colourful moniker stems from a variety of potato?!



Bluenoser: a romantic explanation, perhaps; but where'd the schooner get her name?

Properties. And in the middle of it all, Granville Street.

Granville Street is... well, it's Granville Street! Like Toronto's Yorkville, or Quebec's Bas Ville, or Vancouver's Gastown. Buildings here are almost all at least a century old. Many are architecturally important: all of them have a place in the history and lore of Halifax. Tearing these buildings down was not done without second thoughts. But...

Today the hotel is a lovely structure that gets along just famously with its neighbours. On the north,

west, and south sides, the style though modern, is obviously inspired by the early grandeur of Granville. But on the east side... why, it's Granville Street! Just as it was! Because when we dismantled the buildings, we numbered all the pieces for the entire facade, then reassembled it. Brick by brick. Stone by stone. It took a lot of time and money.

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Outside is a beautiful building that perfectly complements the restoration work underway across the street. Inside is a marvellous hotel that subtly but surely reminds one of older, more decorous times.

Our restaurant, for example, was inspired by an original



Little daubs of yesteryear are found throughout: Hotel courtyards, all.



The Barrington Inn from Granville Street. Inside inner courtyards, indoor pool

Barring

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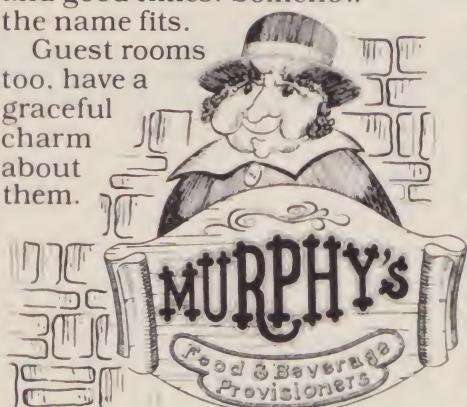
Barrington Inn got its bricks.

ful way of announcing that we have a
hat makes us coast-to-coast. Hurrah!

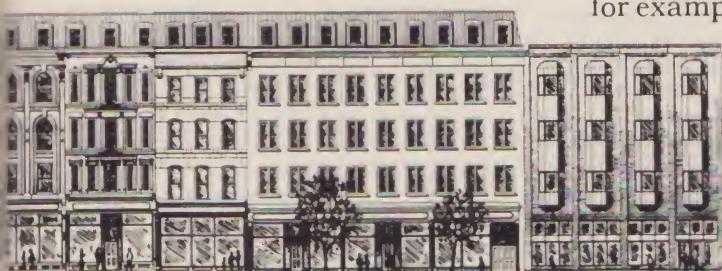
shop named Shaw and Murphy. Murphy's Food and Beverage Provisioners is a charming eatery filled with live greenery, homey woodwork, and a relaxed atmosphere.

Not far from Murphy's is our Teddy's... and a tale. In 1862, the building at Duke and Granville was named the Prince of Wales Building in honour of a visit to Halifax by the *bon vivant* who became King Edward VII. Teddy's is our lounge: a corner of the Inn devoted to conviviality and good times. Somehow the name fits.

Guest rooms too, have a graceful charm about them.



Murphy's—quaint, comfortable,
a thoroughly charming eatery.

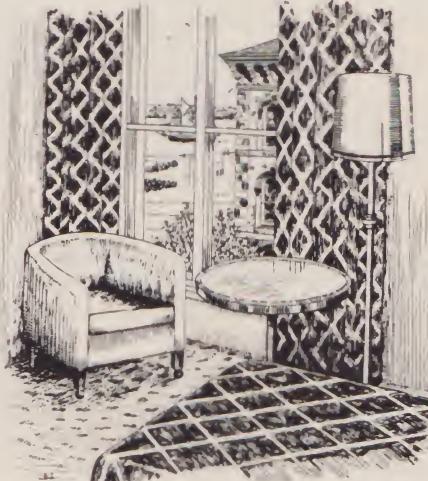


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Guestrooms are tasteful and comfortable.
Many of the windows framed the original
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Inn, and Winnipeg's Marlborough Inn, are the nicest hotels in their cities. And now, Halifax, and the Barrington Inn. Come and stay with us soon.*

Oh, yes. If you're wondering when we're going to tell you how the Bluenoser got his name, relax. And seriously: you didn't really expect that we'd dare try to resolve that one, did you?!

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Illustrated by
L. B. Jenson

Barrington Place Shops on Granville Street.
It's easy to imagine another era.

Tia Maria goes
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with ice
with London
with her
with vodka
with Janis
with Graham
with music
with dessert
with cream
with friends



**Tia Maria
goes.**

Nova Scotia

In the eyes of MacEwan's critics, he plays Mr. Hyde to Akerman's Dr. Jekyll. He's the ward-heeler who keeps the troops in line with heavy-handed enforcement. But MacEwan is actually a good deal more complex than that. "I was never a great follower or defender of Paul," says Ed Murphy, a St. Francis Xavier extension worker who ran twice for the NDP in the federal riding that takes in most of MacEwan's provincial constituency, "but I think there's a hell of a lot of snobbery in the reaction to him. If I put a bunch of Halifax NDP-ers or Cape Breton Liberals into a room with him, he'd eat them for lunch. They'd be mesmerized by his grasp of issues and details, his memory. They don't recognize his abilities."

MacEwan's latest indiscretion was a memo written just before last fall's municipal election in Cape Breton County, in which he proposed sweeping "reforms" if NDP-backed candidates secured a majority on the county council. The memo denounced the existing administration as "packed with Liberal heelers and hacks" who "use it as a Liberal patronage system." MacEwan recommended firing about a dozen county staffers and finding replacements who would co-operate with an NDP administration.

Leaked to a local radio station a week before the election, the memo touched off an uproar and all NDP-backed candidates were defeated. It violated the official fiction that political parties keep hands off municipal elections. Worse, it suggested that the high-minded New Democrats would look after their own just as aggressively as the old-line parties. "One of the few things we have that we can call our own," observed McDonough, "is our sanctimoniousness and our self-righteousness. What do we do when we give that up?"

At a meeting of the party's executive council, she and others pressed for MacEwan's expulsion from the party, an outcome that was averted only by MacEwan's 11th-hour offer to resign as party vice-president. (MacEwan has since concluded that the move to eject him violated the NDP constitution. To the outrage of his opponents in the party, he's resumed using the title of vice-president.)

MacEwan insists the memo was leaked by a hostile party official who was out to get him. He defends the principle that any reform movement has to rid itself of bureaucrats who would sabotage its programs. Don McNally, who handled constituents' problems as executive assistant to Andy Hogan, concurs. "I dealt with those bastards for

four years, and I'd have cleaned out that rats' nest."

Today, MacEwan reserves his sharpest attacks for those within the party who criticize Akerman's leadership. "These people are sabotaging Akerman," he says. "They just will not understand the limitations on a person's physical endurance and will power. He carries the whole organizational burden. He's irreplaceable. Nobody else could do what he's done. He built a party out of nothing."

Levy disagrees. "I wonder if he [Akerman] hasn't succeeded to the point that we can go on without him. You're talking about a party that got 20, 21% of the vote in the last federal election. It's no longer a foundling that needs to be nurtured and coddled and protected. One in five Nova Scotians has done the unthinkable, the unspeakable, and voted NDP. The party is not Akerman. The party is not MacEwan."

A legal-aid lawyer from Wolfville, Levy is the son of a former Conservative cabinet minister. He once ran for the legislature as a Tory, but quit the party over allegations of fund-raising improprieties. In the last federal election, he drew an amazing 25% of the vote in Annapolis Valley-Hants, topping a series of respectable showings by mainland NDP candidates. At the same time, the party's fortunes tumbled in Cape Breton, where Hogan's seat was lost and Ed Murphy ran a distant second in Cape Breton-The Sydneys. One result is that Levy now finds himself touted as a possible successor to Akerman.

Levy admits internal dissent is hurting the NDP—he calls it the Nova Scotia Too Democratic Party—but denies that his own mild criticism of MacEwan and Akerman is based on "any pantywaist, ivory-tower view of politics. I've been in politics since I was an ankle-biter," he says, "I know patronage. I've dispensed it and I've received it and I know how it works. I've passed out liquor on election day and I know how that works. I've fudged the books on elections and I know how that works."

MacEwan says he will leave provincial politics if Akerman resigns the leadership. But he doesn't think that will happen. In any case, Akerman has promised him a decision, one way or the other, by the middle of this month.

If Akerman leaves, the party will be faced with an unpalatable choice: Between a leader from Cape Breton, who may not be acceptable to the party's growing following on the mainland, and a leader from the mainland, who'll begin his career with no seat and no clear prospect of winning one.

—Parker Barss Donham



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New Brunswick

No one in Saint John messes with City Market

Not without a fight anyway. Will the city spend a million to fix it up?

The City Market is Saint John's bellybutton: Once a lifeline, then an ornament, always the object of contemplation. But it's also a family heirloom, jointly owned by 100,000, few of whom can discuss it without becoming emotionally unhinged. This year, the hullabaloo started when the Coffee Corner asked Common Council for permission to expand into an adjoining stall. The climax will come a month after the municipal elections of May 12. At that time, a mayor's action committee will report on the market's future. At stake: Up to \$1 million in proposed renovations, and possible sweeping changes in the market's management.

The market occupies 11,600 square feet in the city's centre. Built in 1876, it escaped the great fire of 1877. Until the rise of shopping-mall supermarkets a quarter-century ago, it remained the favored haunt of food-shoppers. It has brick and stone walls and bases, and big windows designed to let in light in the days before electricity. An upside-down ship's hull—a wooden marvel that shipwrights built without nails—serves as the ceiling.

Seven permanent shops sell fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, cheese, exotic foods, crafts, antiques, pastries and flowers. These stalls encircle 31 benches where farmers and other transients set out their goods on a short-term basis. Open six days a week, the market bustles in summer and December, languishes for much of the rest of the time. Declining business, a lack of parking and squabbles over the sort of place the City Market should become all impelled formation of the mayor's action committee.

Charles Denton, who sells Charlie Chicken in a stall that's been in his family for 50 years, proposed after a furore in '73 that tenants band together to promote the market. But the association collapsed within weeks and, today, the tenants remain hopelessly divided. Denton continued taking ideas and complaints to the city's standing market advisory committee, but he says this was like talking to a wall: "Council was never told what was going on." Then when Bill Lambert, operator of the Cof-

fee Corner (and a member of the committee), got committee approval for an expansion he wanted, Denton blew the whistle. "We opposed it," he says, "because no plan for the expansion was presented." Common Council narrowly voted down the expansion.

To Councillor Leo Pye, market advisory chairman for six years, Denton is a "noisy knucklehead." Pye argues that the market's problems stem from the closing, in 1973, of the nearby MRA's department store. That cut the pedestrian flow in half. Pye says that, if a long-mooted replacement, such as The Bay or Eaton's, joins the Brunswick



To Saint John, the market is both a bellybutton and an heirloom

Square development, then the flow will return. So will the farmers who now "go to the clientele" by setting up roadside stands all over the city.

But Mariner Palmer, operator of Jeremiah's Deli, regards Pye as "a jackass." Palmer and his partner, Allen Dohaney, once wanted to put in tables and chairs for people eating their sandwiches but, Dohaney says, "Pye's committee didn't even give us a chance to explain....They felt we would be a threat to Diana's Restaurant [a tenant in an adjacent building under market authority]." Palmer and Dohaney opened a cafeteria across the street. Pye, a retired policeman who says he's used to dealing with "troublesome people," believes that "Palmer just doesn't like the market committee because he can't dominate it."

Many prefer Pye's cautious approach. LeRoy McLean of Red's Antiques, says there's nothing really wrong with the market and that the advocates of major renovations "are just going to get our rent raised." The rent's now \$3.50 per square foot (unheated). Mrs. Rita Mapplebeck, of the venerable Slocum and Ferris stall, says some tenants simply lack patience: "There's people in the market, they start one thing and, if they don't make a million overnight, they go on to something else. You've got to stick to one thing."

Allana Morgan makes pottery while her husband Stephen works in wood, and she favors quality control on handcrafts to bar mass-produced junk like the stuff in a so-called "head shop." Palmer agrees: "Tourists don't want to see a couple of goofy-looking, drug-crazed teen-agers selling [marijuana] pipes." Mayor Sam Davis favors ideas from the famous Boston Quincy and Baltimore markets to encourage speciality foods and the best handcrafts. He feels the management system should be

improved, and consideration given to replacing the benches with kiosks and pushcarts. He thinks the market needs a comprehensive blueprint for the future. It also needs money. The cost for a complete renovation could run to \$1 million but Pye says that, last year, he couldn't even get \$50,000 for routine upkeep. Council voted only \$20,000.

One problem is the men's rest room, fronting on North Market St. Palmer says it's crawling with "drunks and homosexuals," and Pye reports that, last year, market staff removed "2,900 undesirables." Too bad the South Market attendants can't take charge of the North Market facility. There's never been a complaint about the women's rest room.

—Jon Everett

Labrador's great debate: Who wants a uranium mine?

By now Labradorians should know if they will play host to Atlantic Canada's first uranium mine. A provincial cabinet decision was expected this spring on a proposal by Brinex to start developing its Kitts and Michelin deposits, near Kipokok Bay. Whether the mine goes ahead or dies on the drawing board, it won't be soon forgotten—in northeast Labrador communities or in government offices in St. John's. The project sparked the most intensive environmental soul-searching over a single industrial development that the province has ever seen.

That's a sign of changing times. It also gave Newfoundland and Labrador a taste of things to come. While Brinex awaited word on its uranium proposal, the House of Assembly debated legislation which will oblige all developers of major projects (including the Crown) to go through the same rigorous environmental assessment before getting approval. Most jurisdictions in Canada have made similar requirements a matter of policy, using their power to withhold permits and licences to make would-be developers comply. But only two other provinces (Ontario and Alberta) have bound themselves by law to a careful public weighing of a project's pros and cons. Even opposition MHAs called the bill significant and, despite some criticism of discretionary powers granted the Environment minister, said they would support it.

The Peckford government's commitment to environmental review could scarcely have had a hotter crucible than the Kitts-Michelin proposal. Postville and Makkovik, the communities closest to the dual mine sites and those which felt most threatened by it, are well out of the mainstream: Mail comes in by plane a few times a week (weather permitting), radio reception is spotty, and week-old canned CBC television comes from Goose Bay. All telephone connections go through an operator. There are no roads. Most of the 550 people who live there are Inuit or Indian, but Brinex's two million dollars' worth of impact studies were in English only. News of the appointment of a three-man inquiry board, announced in St. John's November 3, didn't reach the

Labrador coast until November 12. Three weeks later plane loads of experts began to arrive, to take the public pulse. At the hearings, speaker after speaker declared the rural isolation worth preserving. Community councils in both Postville and Makkovik voted not to support the development. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, whose population is steadily dropping, favored the project. As the mine's administrative base, it would get most of the jobs and spinoff benefits. (The board also held sessions in North West River and Sheshachit.)

There were pressures on government to consider how this kind of public review would affect industrial development. Brinex is the mining arm of Brinco Limited, the merger of British interests that Smallwood wooed to



Peter Penashue spoke for the Indians

deal to make it possible. Commonwealth Edison of Chicago, a major utility operating seven nuclear power plants in the U.S., would completely finance the \$160-million mine-mill project and buy up to 18 million pounds of uranium oxide ore, beginning in the mid-1980s. If approval fell through this time, the deal likely would not wait.) And there were questions about whether new roads, necessary to serve the mines, would open the area to other developments, and more trouble. Unsettled native land claims were still another issue.

Opposing groups, such as the United Church and the Labrador Resources Advisory Council (set up by the provincial government to advise on northern resource development), flew in their own experts. The Labrador Inuit Association hired a journalist as a press adviser. A videotape of a powerful lecture by nuclear-energy critic Dr. Helen Caldicott on its medical implications made the rounds of community meetings. Brinex planned another round of meetings even while the inquiry board was preparing its report to government. "They were going to bring in three experts to answer our questions," says Postville community council chairman Irven Lane, "but I figure we need to hire our own experts to ask them."

The only sure winner in this battle will be the cause of public participation. "We have discovered how very, very important it is that people have their say and that all questions be answered," Environment Minister Hazel Newhook says. "Heretofore the people of Newfoundland left things to government to look after, but that's not the case anymore."

The idea of public review ranks close to motherhood now, but in practice it still means different things to different people. During these Labrador hearings, for example, comparisons (not always favorable) with the celebrated Berger inquiry into the Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline were quick in coming. Tom Berger himself turned up in Newfoundland in early March, to talk about the public's role in resource development. What he had to say would not make the jobs of future inquiry boards any easier: It is "impossible" and "undesirable" to "disentangle scientific and technical decisions from the web of moral and ethical considerations which provide the means of truly understanding the impact they will have." Whether or not that philosophy emerges, in the all-important regulations which flesh out the new law, remains to be seen.

—Amy Zierler



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Prince Edward Island

There's a P.E.I. nationalist in the premier's office

He's David Weale, a former outsider who couldn't be more inside

The can of Prince Edward Island clay on David Weale's desk, all gussied up in Island red, white and green, looks at first glance like a typical tourist-bait gimmick. Then you notice that on the label is a picture of a manure-spreader, the initials BS-CH and the admonition, "Spread the Word." The initials stand for the Brothers and Sisters of Cornelius Howatt. The tinned clay, brought to Charlottetown from Borden in a wheelbarrow, represents their attempt to can the P.E.I. causeway

proposal once and for all. That's the sort of mad stunt they indulged in throughout 1973, when the Island was celebrating its 100th year in Confederation.

The Brothers and Sisters weren't so sure there was a lot to celebrate. They spent the year conducting a kind of cheerful guerrilla warfare against those they saw as corrupters of the Island soul—the land speculators, the farm con-

Brother Weale

solidators, the promoters of Coney-Island-style tourism and Upper-Canadian-style industrial development. The Brothers and Sisters self-destructed at the end of 1973, but their spirit lives on in the offices of Premier Angus MacLean. So does their co-founder, David Weale.

Weale, 37, is a former clergyman and history professor with a round-faced, boy-next-door look and a reputation as an Island nationalist. These days, he's in a job of considerable influence. MacLean's principal secretary, Weale is the premier's senior adviser. He attends cabinet meetings, tunes in to what voters are thinking, briefs the premier on countless policy issues, generally acts as his eyes and ears.

MacLean's executive assistant, Leo Walsh, shares some of these chores, and

several others contribute to the shaping of government policy, as Weale is at pains to point out. He has showed up for the interview in his orange-carpeted office dressed in grey cords and turtle-neck. He's worried lest he be made to look like some bright young hotshot who feeds the premier all his ideas. "I don't want to sound like I've got a lot of excessive humility," he says, "but it just wouldn't be fair." He's running behind schedule on this soggy spring day, partly because he's had to monitor an emotional debate in the legislature about a maple sugar grove that's about to be mowed down by Maritime Electric. It's obvious that Weale wants the government to show its colors on this issue and save the trees. But in the end, the government says it's too late and does nothing.

Critics of MacLean's government complain that this is typical of his first year in power. That there has been little action, only a lot of fine talk about preserving old-fashioned Island virtues. But the rhetoric, at least, sounds as though the Brothers and Sisters have found fertile ground on which to Spread the Word.

It started with the Conservatives' "rural renaissance" catchphrase of the April, 1979, election. Then there was the government's throne speech in February. It was positively lyrical in its version of an Island that could revive the tightly knit, vibrant communities, the family bonds and the spirit of self-reliance of a few decades ago. And there has been a stated intention to develop the Island tourist industry in a way that's sympathetic to Island landscape and Island values.

Weale says the government doesn't have, shouldn't have, a master plan to impose on its citizens. He's not sure governments have all that much power anyway: "The government kind of leads from behind. In this job, I've learned a lot about constraints, what a government can and cannot do. While we fight the battle in here, I think the universities and schools are on the same battleground. It would be nice to think of the political arena as one area that determines all these things, but really it

doesn't."

Weale's involvement in politics is relatively recent. A clergyman's son whose family moved to the Island from Alberta 32 years ago, Weale himself studied for the ministry. In the mid-Sixties, he took over a Church of Christ charge in southeastern P.E.I. Then he left to study history at Queen's University. When he returned in 1973, he became politicized because "I was so dismayed by what was happening here." What was happening was the Development Plan promoted by Alex Campbell's Liberal government; its support of shopping malls and large farming units; the loss to rural communities of schools sacrificed to consolidation.

That year saw the birth of the Brothers and Sisters of Cornelius Howatt (named after an anti-confederate Island politician of the 1800s). Later, Weale tried out for the Tory nomination in a byelection in Fifth Queens. When he lost, he decided to back a politician who shared his views. "I discovered in Angus MacLean a man who was already talking about the things I was concerned about," he says. Weale was one of those who urged MacLean to leave the House of Commons and run for the P.E.I. Conservative leadership.

At the time, Islanders were starting to join what Weale calls a "revolution of consciousness." There had been an almost automatic acceptance of change and progress in the late Sixties and early Seventies, plus a widespread belief that a province that depended on Ottawa for 60% of its budget could never create its own economy or produce its own way of life. "It was as though the Island community was in flight from itself, its past. We were changing everything as quickly as we could, erasing the very consciousness of who we were. But I think that flight has ended. We're coming home."

Weale says Islanders have become "much more canny, much better informed, much more willing to fight back." They have also become caught up in the back-to-the-land, back-to-the-roots movements, writing community histories, looking for ancestral names on moss-covered tombstones. It seems as appropriate a time as any to have as a premier a 66-year-old blueberry farmer who says money isn't everything, who lives in Lewes, not one of the most speedy Island communities, whose principal secretary displays on his desk—right beside the Murray Harbour Bruins hockey crest he used to wear—a can of Borden clay, like a flag. —Marian Bruce

NOISNER PHOTO





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25 Hospitable Years

Ottawa Diary

What Newfoundlander helped plot the escape from Iran?

*Also: Which ice hog's mad at Parliament?
What happened to David MacDonald's furniture? Read on*

When former ambassador Ken Taylor helped his six American "houseguests" escape from Iran, he didn't do it single-handedly. Among those Canadians who remained at the embassy with him was Maria O'Flaherty, a 65-year-old "communicator" from St. John's, Nfld., whose role in the escape was crucial. Seven days a week, for three months, she busily relayed messages back and forth between Taylor and officials in Ottawa. Now, both Taylor and O'Flaherty are back in Ottawa working at External Affairs. O'Flaherty is not allowed to talk to the press, but Taylor remembers her contribution very well. He recalls her long hours, but most of all, he says, he was grateful for her Newfoundland wit. "Nothing ever rattled her," he recalls. On New Year's Eve, she cheered everybody up by cooking a fine feast. And, Taylor adds, "She maintained an excellent sense of humor. It was to everybody's benefit. I don't ever remember her spirits lagging."

Parliament's back in session, but Atlantic MPs are still recalling those chaotic few months that followed the fall of the Conservative government and plunged many of the 32 of them into election campaigns just 200 days after their last scramble.

Probably nobody was as happy to get back to normal as Roger Simmons, the young Liberal who won his Burin-Burgeo seat last November in the Newfoundland byelection. (He succeeded the old political warhorse Don Jamieson.) Simmons was in Ottawa for only seven days before the House fell. Just 15 minutes prior to that fatal vote, he delivered his maiden speech. The next day, while he was packing to return to Newfoundland, his furniture arrived in Ottawa. To top it off, his wife was pregnant. His reaction to the election call? "I remember telling reporters, 'I've got to call my workers and tell them, for God's sakes, don't take down the posters!'" (Simmons's son was born in mid-campaign and the birth announcement card read: "It's a voter!")

Maurice Dionne, the Liberal member for Northumberland-Miramichi in

New Brunswick had been treated in hospital for a displaced disc and was released the day the election was called. "Campaign gently," his doctor warned. Instead, he went out and won himself the biggest majority in the history of the riding. The campaign had its sore spots, though. Sitting down wasn't always easy. "It meant a lot of shifting of positions," Dionne says. "Physical, not political."

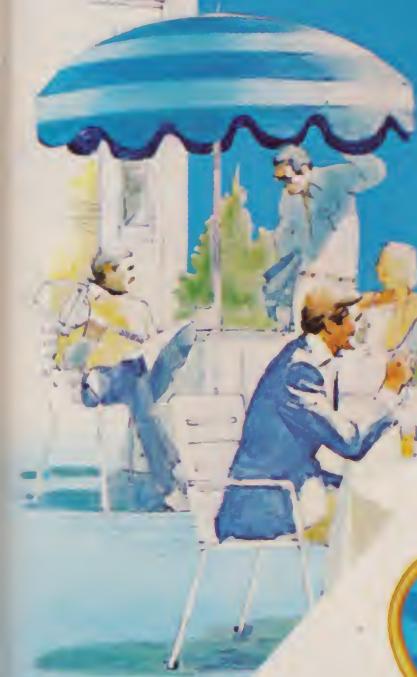
Bob Corbett, the tired Tory from Fundy-Royal, has fought three elections in the last 20 months. Although he'd been understandably uncertain about establishing a permanent residence in Ottawa, he finally took the plunge last December and moved into an apartment. That was 13 days before the third election call. "I figure I've managed to wear out one car, at least two or three pairs of shoes, and I've driven every back road in the riding," he says. "I don't know how I could stand up to a fourth election right now." But he's not placing any bets.

Maurice Harquail (L—Restigouche) blames the confusion of the campaign for making him miss the annual Ottawa game between MPs and the press on Ice Hog Day (a local festival). He still keeps a small, fuzzy ice hog in his office as a memento of the MPs' victory a couple of years back (when he proudly presented to the Speaker, during question period, a huge, gold, fur-lined trophy). The best Harquail could manage during the election was a few skates in the riding. Times were tough. "When you hear the word 'gruelling' being used, that's applicable," he says.

Former Communications minister **David MacDonald**, defeated in Egmont, P.E.I., arrived back in town to find his plush Ottawa office suite occupied only by a desk and a borrowed chair. (Zealous departmental bureaucrats had repossessed the rest of his furniture.) Before he took off for Disney World with his wife and four children to have a vacation, MacDonald had a word of counsel for all MPs: "The biggest mistake one can make is to think being in politics is permanent."

—Julianne LaBreche

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To leave Canada, or not to leave?

That is the question. Or is it? Whatever the question is, Quebec is about to make Canadian history

On the sunny plains of Abraham, Frisbee players are out *en masse*. It was right here that, in 1759, Wolfe's victory over Montcalm changed the course of history but, now, lovers are smooching in the sunshine and families are bubbling over picnic lunches. The people who gather here for Sunday sunning represent a typical Quebec City cross-section—mid-level civil servants, teachers, service-industry employees. Average folk, most of them, except that this spring they are being asked to vote on Quebec's future place in Canada; and their collective decision could change the course of history as surely as Wolfe did 221 years ago.

They are the consumers in an intense campaign for the allegiance of the French-speaking majority. Since everyone expects English-speaking Quebec to vote "no" massively, the support of these Frisbee players will make the difference between a resounding referendum defeat—60% "no" and 40% "yes"—and a closer result. That closer result would fuel the next round of conflict between Quebec and the rest of Canada. For French-speaking Quebec, the question boils down to this: *Is there a way for us to get more political power and further promote the flowering of French society, without endangering our living standards or causing disruptions in our lives?*

The Parti Québécois has tailored this question to appeal to an old split in the Quebec personality—wanting to go and wanting to stay. The "no" organization, of course, plays on the fear of going. Its skillful billboard campaign started last autumn with a basic message: *Le Canada-j'y suis, j'y reste* ("I'm here, I'm staying"). By mid-winter, the message had more "content." It said, "I'm here, I'm staying....For my prosperity...for my security...for my liberty." The intended message is clear: The sovereignty-association of the Parti Québécois threatens these values.

Over in the "yes" camp, strategists downplay sovereignty and stress association. Billboards declare, "In Quebec we know what we want: A new deal, between equals, with the rest of Canada." Lévesque says a "yes" vote

will bring Canada "to its knees" and force constitutional talks. Calling for "solidarity," he announces support from defeated Socreds, small-town mayors, local personalities—all to prove the referendum is really a non-partisan event.

In his vision of a homogenized form of independence the whole process will be painless. There'll simply be a gradual transfer to Quebec of all legislative and taxing powers, with no interruption in interprovincial trade (which, for the Atlantic provinces, now means annual sales to Quebec of about \$370 million in manufactured or processed goods, and 9,000 jobs). It'll all happen in an orderly fashion, and not until the second referendum.

It was Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin who worked up this strategy of a step-by-step approach to independence. He looks at the referendum in these terms: "People might vote 'yes' because they think sovereignty-association is the answer. They might vote 'yes' because they like the way we want to democratically reach the objective, without their necessarily being in complete agreement with the objective. Or they might vote 'yes' because they feel there should be some kind of unblocking of the federal system."

To Québécois like, say, the Frisbee freaks and picnic families, the PQ says it needs a mandate for a new deal. Meanwhile, it tells the militants that what it's really talking about is independence. All of which infuriated Pierre Bourgault. He was the brilliant orator who led the independence movement back in the Sixties. "The referendum is for the birds," Bourgault said. "A useless enterprise, a futile exercise. Lévesque stands a good chance of losing his referendum, not because the question goes too far, but because it doesn't go far enough. Lévesque disappoints his allies without convincing his adversaries." But Bourgault finally rallied. He's campaigning—with limousine and chauffeur provided by the nationalist St. Jean Baptiste Society—because the battle is a challenge to his pride.

To get the students moving for the 'yes,' the PQ had to do some pump-priming. The polls did show the strongest support for sov-ass among the 18-24 age group, but politics turns off the disco generation. The St. Jean Baptiste

Society came to the rescue, supplying the facilities and organizational backbone to form *Méoui*. That's an acronym for *Mouvement étudiant pour le Oui*. It also means "but of course."

Not to be outdone, the Liberals formed *Cénon* ("It's no") on the campuses. One of its most popular speakers is none other than former premier Robert Bourassa who, after a brief self-imposed exile in Europe, is campaigning against sov-ass.

Lise Payette, the former talk-show host who's now minister of state for the status of women, is leading the PQ's big pitch for the women's vote. Surveys show that women—52% of the electorate—are more conservative than men in their referendum views. "We wouldn't be six million if women hadn't been willing, that's for sure," Payette says. Criss-crossing the province, she argues that dealing with one government, rather than two, would make the goals of the feminist movement more attainable. She also says she "hates" Claude Ryan. His political ascendancy, she warns, threatens women's efforts to transcend their traditional place in the Quebec family. (While editor-in-chief at *Le Devoir*, Ryan refused to appoint a woman to the education beat because it involved evening school-board meetings. He felt she should be home with her children.)

But Ryan is sitting fairly pretty, with the polls on his side and his party squarely behind him. He's so confident he describes those rare Liberals who dare to challenge his vision as "dirty hypocrites and liars, naive and frustrated." At a policy convention last winter he boasted that since he'd become a Liberal, "intelligence has returned to the party."

By stressing the dangers of separation and playing on the caution of the electorate, the Liberals expect to win the referendum and then, in the following election, to coast to victory. (But just in case Quebec votes "yes," Ryan has said that, if he does win the election, he'll not be bound by the referendum results.) Still, the Frisbee players and weekend picknickers took their chances with the PQ in 1976, and surveys suggest they're satisfied with the good government that's resulted. In the glow of spring, they may just decide to take another chance.

—Irwin Block

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Feeding the hand that bites you

We're paying separatist civil servants to foul our own nest. That's Ottawa, folks

Late in the last federal election campaign, the Public Service Commission got the wind up about civil servants participating, or seeming to participate, in the goings-on. It sternly warned that it had the power to dismiss federal employees for contravening Section 32 of the Public Service Employment Act.

Now, Section 32 does permit a federal employee to attend political meetings, contribute money to a political party and—if granted leave—to be, or seek to be, a candidate in a federal, provincial or territorial election. But it also bars the employee from engaging in work for or against a candidate. And, in the words of the Commission, no employee "shall engage in work for, or on behalf of, or against, a political party."

Well and good.

(In the National Capital, where there are more than 100,000 federal civil servants, Section 32 is firmly honored in the breaching of it. But since a federal employee can't be disciplined unless someone complains, all parties have an understood agreement not to make formal complaints.)

Now we come to the Parti Québécois referendum on the partition of Canada. What does the Public Service Commission have to say about participation by federal civil servants in that campaign? All of a sudden, things aren't quite as clear. A referendum is not quite the same as an election, see? Working for a cause is not quite the same as working for a political party, now is it?

The Commission blinks at the fact that partition is espoused by only one political party, the Parti Québécois—that, in fact, partition is its first objective. In the pretence that the referendum is not a political campaign and that therefore Section 32 of the Public Service Employment Act does not really apply, the Commission went rushing off to the Justice Department for a legal opinion.

Together, the two came up with this: "...as the law now stands it is possible for federal public servants to engage in some referendum activities without violating Section 32.... Federal employees must recognize that there may well be partisan party work going on during the campaign. Therefore, the Commission considers it appropriate to advise federal employees to take special care and use their own discretion to ensure that any activities they undertake do not actually engage them, as such, in partisan party activity.

"Furthermore, the Commission must also emphasize that in general, federal employees, in deciding whether

to become involved and, if so, in deciding what the specific nature of that involvement might be, should at all times be conscious of their obligation not to engage in activity which might adversely affect their ability to perform their functions in the federal public service in an effective and credible manner. The foregoing consideration should be of particular importance to senior federal employees, especially those involved in policy advice to the government." When in doubt, "employees are advised to consult with their deputy heads."

In short, the Public Service Commission has given the partitionists in the federal civil service—and there are thousands of them—a free hand to subvert Confederation while staying on the federal payroll. Of course, the Commission ruling (or non-ruling) also gives federalists in the civil service a free hand to support federalism. What could be more democratic?

Why has the federal government rolled over and played dead for the PQ on this issue? A federal employee who has been in the civil service for 11 years, and is a founding member of the PQ, has provided the best answer: "They are afraid of creating a martyr." He told an Ottawa daily that political opinions hadn't been any impediment to his steady rise to his present \$36,000-a-year position.

Why shouldn't he take federal money and work evenings and weekends to split Canada? After all, there were federalists in the Quebec civil service, and socialists weren't fired

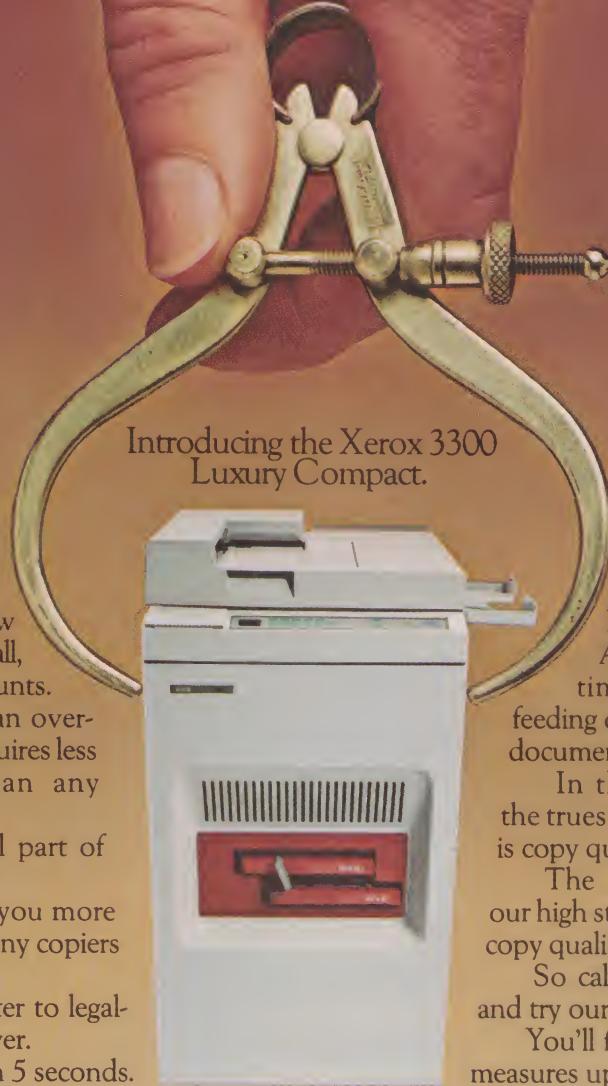
by private companies. He was going to vote yes in the referendum no matter what the question said. If the PQ won, he'd leave Canada and "work to build the new country."

This civil servant gave nearly every detail about himself except his name. "I wouldn't want to embarrass my minister," he explained. Meantime, the PQ government has promised all Québécois who work for the feds in the capital that they will have jobs in Hull under the new regime.

Quebec Revenue Minister Michel Clair made a trip to Hull where he said, "We would want to keep very close links to the government of Canada, just across the river, so it is quite probable that we would have even more public servants in Hull than there are now." There are 20,000 federal civil servants in Hull. That means Clair is proposing that the Quebec External Affairs Department have a staff of more than 20,000 to handle Canada alone. That's going some, even by the standard of the present External Affairs Department.

—The Fat City Phantom





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Cover Story

The media call him both witty and awkward, brilliant and plodding, tough and easygoing, lazy and energetic. He is The Enigma. He's also the most powerful Atlantic Canadian in Ottawa for 60 years and, quite possibly, our next prime minister. He is

Allan J. MacEachen, politician

By Harry Flemming

Allan Joseph MacEachen of Trout River, Antigonish and Ottawa took his oath as a privy councillor on April 22, 1963. He stood 13th in precedence among the 26 ministers of the Lester B. Pearson government, behind such luminaries as Pearson, Paul Martin and Jack Pickersgill and such dimmer lights as Bill Benidickson, Jack Garland and Lucien Cardin. On March 3, 1980, when he once again took the oath of ministerial office, he was second in precedence and power in the government of Pierre Elliott Trudeau. He was now the longest-serving minister of them all, and no Nova Scotian, except the legendary William Stevens Fielding, had ever served longer in a federal cabinet. He may well be the most powerful Atlantic Canadian on the federal scene since Sir Robert Borden retired as prime minister 60 years ago. (That was one year before MacEachen was born in the Cape Breton mining town of Inverness.)

There was nothing unusual about a Nova Scotian becoming minister of Finance. After all, Fielding has the record in the post—19 years, under Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mackenzie King. And six other Nova Scotians of small and great renown also held the job—A.W. McLelan, Sir Charles Tupper, E.N. Rhodes, J.L. Ralston, J.L. Ilsley and George C. Nowlan.

(Just to complete the regional record, two New Brunswickers, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley and Sir George Eulas Foster, and one Newfoundland, John C. Crosbie, were Finance ministers. In a sense, P.E.I. could claim Ralston; although a Nova Scotian, he was MP for Prince during his 10-month stint in Finance during 1939-40.)

About the only thing unusual about MacEachen's becoming minister of Finance was that anyone should think it unusual. If there are any re-

wards in politics for long and faithful service—and there frequently are—then MacEachen deserved the job. Virtually alone among Pearson's and Trudeau's ministers, he had never as much as stubbed his toe while others were regularly bloodying their noses. He was always an able and sometimes a brilliant minister in a variety of posts. He

and Seventies, is likely to follow dead-centre policies in the economically troubled Eighties. Of all the adjectives applied to MacEachen, "shrewd" is the most common. With him at Finance, left-wing Liberals (and the Canadian business establishment) should not expect Walter Gordon-like experiments. By the same token, his St. F.X.-inspired social conscience won't atrophy when he faces demands for tight-fisted policies.

He, more than Trudeau, will be responsible for keeping the Liberal party securely anchored in the elusive, shifting centre of Canadian politics, the berth it has occupied so successfully for most of this century. And if Trudeau, in his fourth and final term as prime minister, chooses to concentrate on foreign affairs, repatriation of the constitution and the renewal of Quebec's place within Confederation, then Allan J. MacEachen, minister of Finance and deputy prime minister, will wield more power than any minister since the heyday of C.D. Howe.

And yet...

No one could have expected an anti-Liberal, anti-Trudeau newspaper like *The Globe and Mail* to have been enthusiastic about MacEachen's appointment. It wasn't. "Canada," *The Globe* said, "needs a tough Finance minister. What Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau gave us was Allan MacEachen." But even the sour *Globe* allowed that MacEachen was probably the



ALBERT LEE

Alone among the cabinet, he's never so much as stubbed his toe

best there was, and conceded he was "intelligent" and "gets along with people." That was more praise than he got from *The Chronicle-Herald* of Halifax, a paper normally given to editorial ecstasy when native sons make good. The *Herald*'s comment: "The prime minister has selected the best political strategist in Parliament, and an economist to boot, in the person of Hon. Allan MacEachen..." The *Herald* devoted more space to noting that Treasury Board President Donald John-

was loyal to his bosses and, publicly at least, self-effacing. These are qualities prime ministers value much more than self-centred competence.

But if past services warranted MacEachen's elevation to Finance, so did his promise of future usefulness. His background in economics and long Ottawa experience give him a better grasp of the job than most of his legally trained predecessors. More important, the man who was considered left-leaning in the free-spending days of the Sixties

ston's wife "is the former Haligonian Heather MacLaren, granddaughter of the late Ralph P. Bell, a major figure in the province's industrial growth."

But being praised with faint damns is nothing new for MacEachen. It's been his lot throughout his public life. The labels of nearly two decades cling to him like birthmarks. The first stories about him after March 3 carried the same weary descriptions. *The Canadian Press* said he was "a crafty Cape Bretoner" and "a brooding loner." *The Chronicle-Herald* called him "wily." *The Financial Post* trotted out one of the oldest canards of them all: "Some of his past and present colleagues say he's a bit lazy." CBC commentator Ralph Surette offered a daringly novel epithet: MacEachen's understanding of Atlantic Canada's economic problems was "shallow."

Researchers into the qualities and character of Allan MacEachen should be forever grateful to Michael Enright. Writing in *Maclean's* in 1976, when MacEachen first became deputy prime minister, Enright compiled "the gout of adjectives" used by writers "desperately trying to capture the man": Dour, brilliant, lazy, reflective, practical, contemplative, witty, energetic, reserved, generous, easygoing, awkward, secretive, rigid, tough, cautious, suave, deliberate, methodical, shrewd, incisive.

The enigmatic man who inspires this journalistic Babel professes to be undisturbed. "Journalists," he says, "don't upset me anymore." Certainly, he's easier with the media than ever before. Since the Liberals resumed office, he's been on every major Canadian talk show and been interviewed by scores of newspaper and magazine writers. Even so, he'll never affect the more outgoing politician's buddy-buddy relationship with the press. He has too many old bruises and new doubts.

Some aspects of MacEachen's personality gain general approval. One is his insistence on separating his public and private lives. He tends his constituency of Cape Breton Highlands-Canso assiduously, regularly holding "clinics" throughout the far-flung riding. But once sequestered in his Trout River home, on the shores of Lake Ainslie, the private man, the lover of Celtic

culture, takes over. Few of the friends of *this* Allan MacEachen—he has no family closer than cousins—are connected with politics. He holds periodic ceilidhs but the pipers, fiddlers and dancers are there for purely private enjoyment. In an area where everyone knows who "Allan J." is, few of his constituents know that MacEachen owns a second home in Antigonish, an old, two-storey wooden house near Mockler Hall where he lived as a student at St. Francis Xavier. He has an intense interest in the Catholic charismatic movement. He plays no sports.

It's a snowy Saturday when we meet in the VIP lounge of the Halifax International Airport. MacEachen has just driven in from Port Hawkesbury where, the night before, he played host

said, "Look at my record"?

Even in summary, it's a record that should long since have belied accusations of laziness. Items:

● As minister of Labor from 1963-65 he settled a longshoremen's strike that threatened our grain shipments to the Soviet Union; he introduced Canada's first labor standards code; and by setting up a trusteeship, he ended the Seafarers' International Union's reign of violence on the Great Lakes. In the judgment of *The Toronto Star*, he was "probably the ablest Labor minister Canada has had."

● When he became minister of Health and Welfare in 1965, he inherited the national medicare plans, but he fostered them and shepherded them through the House of Commons as if they had been, as *The Globe and Mail* put it, "his own progeny." He also guided the Canada Pension Plan and Canada Assistance Plan through Parliament and brought in the Guaranteed Income Supplement for old-age pensioners.

● During the two Pearson minority governments, MacEachen became recognized as the Liberals' best parliamentary tactician. In 1967, in addition to his Health and Welfare duties, he was handed the job of government House leader.

● The Cape Breton Development Corp. was his brainchild.

● He wheedled funds out of the federal government for the provincially owned Sydney steel plant.

● He made few innovations as minister of

Manpower and Immigration, but he did stay out of trouble, which is more than some Manpower-and-Immigration ministers have managed to do.

● Three times in all, MacEachen was named government House leader, always after another minister got bogged down in the job or had antagonized the opposition beyond endurance. His keeping the Trudeau government in power between 1972-74, when the Liberals held only 109 seats, was masterful.

● As External Affairs minister, he took a greater interest in the problems of international economic development than any of his predecessors. He led the Canadian delegation at the Law of the Sea conference. And, as *Maclean's* said when he was relieved of the job at External, "He was just beginning to



More than Trudeau, he'll keep the party in the centre of Canadian politics

to a small victory celebration for his campaign managers and Liberal MLAs in his constituency. (Lying astride the Strait of Canso, Cape Breton Highlands-Canso stretches from the northern tip of Cape Breton Island almost to the boundary of Halifax County. It encompasses four complete provincial constituencies and chunks of two others. It is a political organizer's nightmare.) After our hour-long interview, he'll fly back to Ottawa to chair a Sunday meeting of the Liberal platform committee.

I ask MacEachen about his "brooding Scot" and "a bit lazy" images. His reply to the first is succinct: "I don't have time to brood." He could have been equally terse about the second. Who could gainsay him if he simply

Cover Story



He's nearly 60. So was Pearson, on becoming PM

bring things together in a department that had become moribund under the leaden leadership of Mitchell Sharp and Paul Martin. He was determined to shake it up, restore it to its former glory days of his own mentor, Lester Pearson."

Called back as House leader in 1976, he continued as leader of the Canadian delegation to the Conference on International Economic Cooperation—"The North-South Dialogue." He also remained responsible for the Canadian International Development Agency and for overseeing Canada's GATT negotiations at Geneva. Later, he successfully negotiated the Northern Gas Pipeline Agreement with U.S. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger. Then, he piloted the legislation through Parliament and saw to the establishment of the pipeline agency. As he says, "I saw it through from beginning to end. These were quite intricate negotiations. They demanded a lot of concentration and painstaking attention to detail."

Lazy? MacEachen comes to the question briefly and obliquely. "Myths develop about people, me and others, too. There's a lot of writing done about people without ever talking to them."

I ask Bill MacEachen where this particular myth got its start. Few people know "Allan J." as he does. More than 30 years ago he was a student of MacEachen's at St. F.X. and later served seven years in his office as special assistant and executive assistant. Today, he's one of the two Liberal MLAs for the

minister's own Inverness County. A former Ottawa press gallery reporter, MacEachen blames a 1963 Douglas Fisher column which claimed MacEachen was "lazy and unambitious." Since then, he says, "the press just keeps using the same old files and repeating the same old lies." I let this remark pass as I know that he knows

this is precisely how some of the press does work. "But why," I persist, "would this impression remain when MacEachen's record is so clearly to the contrary?"

MacEachen explains: "Many things—complicated things—come easily to him. He can thoroughly digest briefing papers in one hour that would take others many hours. This creates an air of casualness about him." Another former aide, Halifax businessman Peter King, offers an allied analysis: "He has tremendous powers of concentration. No one can work at his peak of intensity for long. That's why, periodically, he'll get stubborn, cancel meetings, and sort of withdraw into himself." It's MacEachen's capacity for hard, sustained work, not his Celtic genes, that accounts for his brief lapses into languor. After all, it's a characteristic that both Abraham Lincoln and Winston Churchill shared and no one ever called them "brooding Scots."

MacEachen is not an easy man to work for. He doesn't chew out his staff, but neither does he easily toss out compliments. It's frustratingly hard to get quick decisions from him. To those who don't know him well, this gives the deceiving appearance of indecisiveness. Says MacEachen: "He is decisive in that he knows in his own mind what he wants down the road; it's just that he often gets there by what seems to be a circuitous route. It's a bit of the Mackenzie King approach, the way he lets things gestate. In the end, there's a sense of the inevitable in what he does."

Confused as MacEachen's public image may be, there is something upon which all agree: He is a superb player of the parliamentary game. Obviously, 23 years in the House of Commons and four more as special assistant to Lester Pearson have made him an expert on House rules. (It annoys his aides that the media celebrate veteran New Democrat Stanley Knowles as the reigning authority on the rules.) But, with MacEachen, knowing the rules is merely the way to make Parliament work. Preferably for the Liberals.

Even his greatest admirers have trouble explaining why he should be so successful with Parliament while others have failed. They mention his patience, his negotiating skill, his nose for sniffing out the mood of the House, his attention to detail and, perhaps most important, the fact that you can absolutely rely on his word.

MacEachen's apotheosis as a parliamentary genius came in the two days following the Clark government's budget presentation on Dec. 11. To hear the



"Journalists...don't upset me anymore"

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Cover Story



CP PHOTO

Swearing in, March, 1980: Second in precedence—and power

Conservatives tell it, he was "the architect of the Machiavellian plot to bring down the government." He rejects this "flattery" and says, "We simply reacted to the opportunity the government themselves presented to us." He asks: "How could we plot to bring down the government? The Liberals and the NDP together couldn't have outvoted the government if they'd kept the support of the Créditistes."

Still, the Liberals' decision to fight the budget to the last man and woman was MacEachen's. One Liberal says: "Allan J. saw more clearly than anyone that if we had had a few diplomatic sicknesses to ensure the budget would pass, we would rightly have been accused of hypocrisy. And if we had let the budget go through, with its 18-cent excise tax on gasoline, we'd later have had to swallow the government's equally unpalatable plans for Petro-Canada. When the Socreds voted the next day to abstain, he knew the government would fall. And to him it was clear there was no alternative to Trudeau's leading the party in the election."

MacEachen himself says that "having defeated the government on the basis of the budget with Mr. Trudeau as our leader, it would have been irresponsible for us to go into the election with-

out him as leader." Not all Liberals agreed. Some Ontario members wanted to draft John Turner or Donald Macdonald. In the end, MacEachen's implacable logic settled the issue. "The guy is unbelievably powerful with caucus," a Liberal insider marvels.

It's part of the MacEachen paradox that such power doesn't penetrate deeply into Nova Scotia. That's strange because he's been the undisputed federal boss of the province for more than 16 years, the man to whom everyone looked for delivery of the goodies—the wharfs and the breakwaters, the aid to coal mines and steel plants, the DREE grants and the LIP programs, the judicial and the Senate appointments. Despite all this, he remains a remote figure, even to the rank and file of Liberals. He makes his obligatory appearance at the provincial party's annual meetings, but rarely campaigns on behalf of fellow federal candidates. Only once since MacEachen became a minister, did the Liberals win as many as five of Nova Scotia's 11 seats, and that was in 1980. For years, he could legitimately claim he was needed at home. He's not forgotten that he lost his seat by 16 votes in the 1958 Diefenbaker sweep and, in the elections of the Sixties, never had an easy time. Since

1974, however, his winning margin has been in the comfortable area of 5,000 votes.

MacEachen's failure to build a strong power base back home hurt him badly during the 1968 leadership convention. Unlike Robert Stanfield who blanketed the Nova Scotia delegation during the Conservative convention the year before, he was able to win just over half his province's votes. Most of the rest went to former Nova Scotian Robert Winters. MacEachen finished a disappointing seventh on the first ballot, and then threw his support to Trudeau.

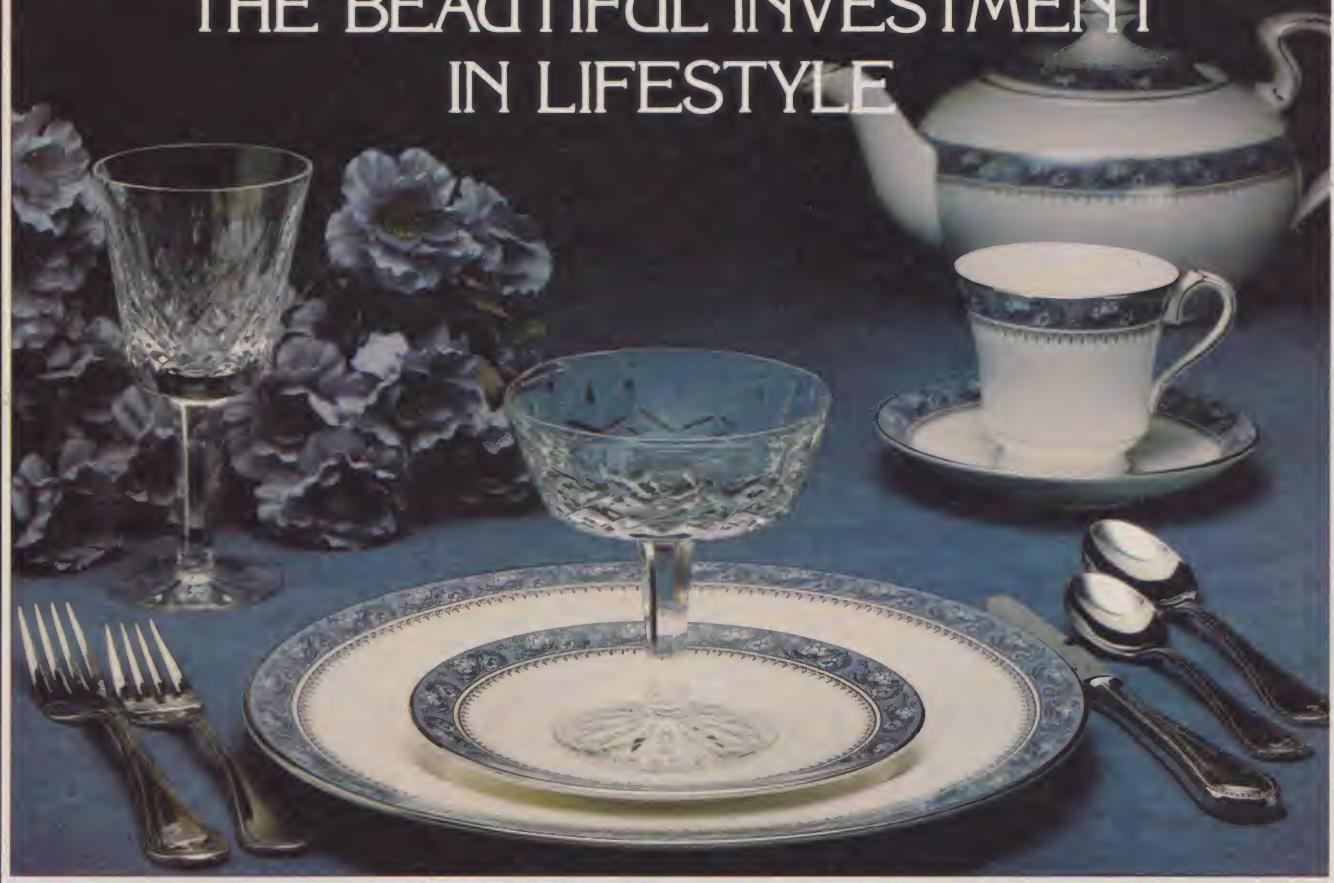
Does he still harbor leadership ambitions? The inevitable question draws an inevitably indirect answer: "I don't see myself now as being a candidate. You know, I didn't jump in before when Mr. Trudeau resigned." (Within hours of Trudeau's Nov. 21 announcement, MacEachen said he wouldn't be a candidate to succeed him.) But then he adds, "Who knows in two or three years?"

By sitting out the 1980 election, Trudeau's two most likely successors, Turner and Macdonald, may have eliminated themselves for all time. But MacEachen, as the "architect" of the Liberals' amazing return to power, has never stood higher in the party. If, during the two or three years that remain before Trudeau finally takes his leave, MacEachen can restore stability to the Canadian economy, he'll have an impressive claim on the leadership.

Nova Scotia could again be the stumbling block. For anyone from Atlantic Canada to win a national party leadership convention it is essential that he have solid support from the four eastern provinces. At the moment, MacEachen couldn't even count on Nova Scotia. Not unless he had the backing of former premier and now federal Labor Minister Gerald Regan. Regan may well have his own designs on the leadership and, says a senior Nova Scotia Liberal, "The current relationship between them isn't good." Regan supported Winters in 1968.

MacEachen will soon be in his 60s. (But so were Louis St. Laurent, John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson when they became prime ministers.) Even with his undoubted talents and unquestioned accomplishments, it would be surprising if the Liberals, dominated by Ontario and Quebec, turned to this unyoung, unflashy and largely unsung Cape Breton bachelor. Then again, who could have predicted eight months ago that he'd be where he is today?

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Nope, "C.J." the judges weren't blind

She insists her nose is too big and her eyes too small, that the boys at school hardly give her a second glance, and that she's not the type who likes to be in the spotlight. But after she graduates next month from Charlottetown Rural High School, **Clara Jean Howard**, 17, will devote her entire summer holidays to a rather glamorous role: Teenage queen of Canada. For Clara Jean, that means going to Toronto to be at the disposal of organizers of the Miss Teen Canada Pageant. But the Miss Teen Canada 1980 title has also meant \$10,000 in prizes and the grateful thanks of a province. When Clara Jean was named teen-age queen in Toronto in March, six MLAs rose in the P.E.I. legislature to marvel at her accomplishment (one of them noting that she's known as "C.J." among her friends). In C.J.'s home town of Parkdale, council called a special meeting to plan her homecoming. The premier met her at the airport, and even the lieutenant-governor confessed to being "filled with emotion." None of which has gone to Clara Jean's very level head. "When people meet me for the first time," she jokes, "I can hear them thinking, 'You're Miss Teen Canada? God. The judges must have been blind.'"

Elizabeth McGrath's Avalon is both the peninsular anchor of her native St. John's and "the last home of heroes," the mythical island paradise to which King Arthur and other heroes were carried in death. Her "Fogbound in Avalon" blends these two aspects of her home. The first short story she ever wrote, she promptly sold it to *The New Yorker*, the world's top market for magazine fiction. It ran in February.

McGrath's characters are ordinary heroes who live their difficult, imperfect lives in St. John's, an awkward sort of paradise. "I've always had a strong emotional attachment to this town, but I had never examined why," she says. "St. John's is a place I love and want to kick in the ass—because it is so complex, so old." Like her narrator, McGrath had to go away, then return to get a good look at the place. "An academic all my life," she came back to teach English literature at Memorial after a stint at the University of Toronto and other travels. Although the story looks autobiographical, McGrath warns readers, "It's only about one-tenth myself." It's intimacy concerns the town, a part of Newfoundland which, she feels, is rarely written about: "It was such a small, concentrated place when I was growing up here that we treasured any privacy we could manage. Publishing something like this would have been like saying, 'Hey, everybody, have a look.'" Newfoundland literature is thick with outport accents, and rightly so, she says, "but there are other kinds of people. This is the view from LeMarchant Road...and it's a bloody good view."



Mary and Michael concoct a fine brew

Mary Aggie Chafe of Goulds, a farming community near St. John's, has been brewing and selling good spruce beer for 45 years. Famous among Newfoundlanders, Chafe's Spruce Beer also attracts regular customers from New Brunswick and Toronto. Mary Aggie, now 70, has turned down eye-popping business offers for her brew and refuses to reveal her recipe. She uses only black-spruce boughs, picked when the sap isn't too heavy, boils them down, sets the extract with molasses, yeast and "a small amount of sugar to make it sharp." She says proudly "It's an art." She learned it from her husband Michael, began making spruce for thirsty haymakers, then turned it into a substantial business supplying their own small grocery and other nearby stores. Today she's cut back to bottling about ten

dozen a week in summer and "only a drop" in winter, just enough to bring in "a few extra coppers for playing cards." The Chafes sell hundreds of dozens at the annual St. John's Regatta. Bottles for sale at 50 cents each are strictly non-alcoholic (the government wouldn't have it any other way), but Mary Aggie claims she can make it "strong enough you would stand on your head." Moreover, some find it "a wonderful drink mixed with Screech."



Oscar-nominee Walker laments our sell-out

When director **Giles Walker**, 34, heard his film had been nominated for an Academy Award, he "didn't work for two days." *Bravery in the Field*—a 28-minute, live-action film, produced by the National Film Board—revolves around Remembrance Day, a lonely Second World War veteran and some young "punks." The film, set in Saint John, is based on a true story. Walker, who comes from St. Andrews, N.B., thinks many film-makers today try to mimic American films and fail. He's appalled by the "artificial" Canadian commercial film industry and says "we're selling out." He's directed 10 films for the NFB and thinks the board's four Oscar nominations show "we are doing the right things." In a film course at University of New Brunswick he saw two enemy fishing communities on Newfoundland's Fogo Island brought closer together by film. That excited him enough to take a master's in film at California's Stanford University. He makes movies to entertain but also to make people think, change their attitudes. However, he says, "I'm not an intellectual and don't have a mission." Walker works on instinct: He says that's how most films are made—"working from the seat of your pants." He'd like to make feature films and edit them in St. Andrews. With an Oscar nomination tucked away now, he's got "more leverage."

Chris Guiry of Saint John, N.B., fell in love with sailing when he saw movies about going round the Horn as a boy. "I knew right then someday I'd be doing that, impossible as it seemed," he says. Impossible it wasn't. This month, Guiry, 35, who's acquired five partners in Schooner Ventures Shipping and Trading Company, becomes skipper of the *Artemis*. The top-gallant schooner used to tour Gulf of Mexico ports as a floating museum. With Guiry at the helm, she'll call at Norfolk, Va., to pick up wood stoves bound for England, then spend the summer operating in the Great Lakes. Guiry, a native of England, taught himself to sail in a 12-foot fibreglass boat and earned his captain's papers without formal training. "I felt if I took lessons it would take away the mystique," he says. He came to Saint John two years ago to train technicians at the Point Lepreau nuclear generating station. The *Artemis* is registered in Saint John but will carry cargo anywhere in the world. Madeleine Guiry will join her husband on board, as will two Guiry children, Heather, 10, and Justin, 9. It'll be nothing new for all hands. "We've lived on a schooner before," says Guiry, "Heather learned to walk on a schooner."



Boy cartoonist immortalizes cat

At an age when most kids are spending loose change on comic books, **Mel Wilson**, 14, of Goose River, P.E.I., creates his own comics. Mel's comic strip, starring a philosophical cat named Nuisance, appears in *The Eastern Graphic*, the weekly newspaper published in Montague. Lately, Mel's been wondering what to do with his paycheques. He figures that by the time he graduates next month from Grade 8 at St. Peter's Consolidated School, he'll be able to buy himself a set of encyclopedias, which, he says, is "about all I need." But his ideas for the strip spring more from radio and television than from books. He bases his characters on his own tabby cat, a real dog, and assorted nieces and nephews. Once inspired, he can whip up a strip in five minutes. Mel began the Nuisance cartoon for his

own amusement, and he'd filled several exercise books with drawings by the time a family friend showed them to *Graphic* publisher Jim MacNeill. Mel's dream is to follow in the footsteps of artists such as Charles ("Peanuts") Schulz, or possibly teach cartooning. So far, political cartooning doesn't interest him: "I like genial humor more than political humor."



Want an old organ? He's got 61

Some people think the organery is a health-food store, but it's where **Jan van der Leest** displays the 61 reed organs he's collected. The organs were "piled up" in van der Leest's Truro, N.S., home so he built the organery next door. Van der Leest, 38, a soil specialist, thinks he's Canada's only reed-organ collector and, since there's so little Canadian information on the subject, he's planning a book. He grew up in Holland, had no formal musical training but always "really loved organs," which he began collecting in '75. First he'd buy any old "clunker" but now he's choosy. He's often picked up fine organs for a "laughable" \$25 because owners don't have space for them. He's not sure how much the collection is worth, but he's had problems getting it insured. The instruments date back to the late 19th century and come from New England, Ontario and the Maritimes. His favorite is an 1873 one-of-a-kind walnut chapel organ. Although he sells a few, he says no to any buyer who wants to "paint it pink" and stick it in a cottage. He says his hobby's no different from collecting stamps. Except his collection won't fit in a scrapbook.

About five years ago, Nova Scotia's Micmacs discovered their native language was in danger of disappearing. The oral tradition which kept it alive had weakened. The Micmac Association of Cultural Studies went to **Bernie Francis**, himself a Micmac, fluent in his native tongue. Francis and Doug Smith, a linguist, created a written language, developing an alphabet and a writing form that was easy to learn. The result is a system Francis has been promoting for use among Micmacs. He's taught a course in reading and writing the "new"

language at the Eskasoni reserve in Cape Breton. The students mastered the system in 10 weeks. He's also translated into Micmac the aboriginal rights position paper which was presented to then Indian Affairs Minister Warren Allmand when he visited Eskasoni, plus stories from *Cape Breton Magazine*. Francis is collecting legends for a volume for use in Micmac schools and translating a television script about early Micmac life in the province. He's still concerned about the language. "If it continues the way it has been going," he says, "there's no question that it's going to be lost. But if people really start learning to read and write it, I think it has a good chance of surviving."



Summertime bluenoser sings "graceful rock"

She wrote songs as a youngster "to go to sleep at night," and later, "instead of doing my homework." Today singer-songwriter **Carolina Edwards**, 33, is still at it. Singing for her has always been a "natural way of communicating." Edwards, her pop-folk singer husband, Jonathan, and children Grace, 4, and Austin, 11, spend winters on a New Hampshire farm, summers in a log cabin in Cape Breton. Right now, Edwards is better known in eastern Canada than the U.S. Her song "Nova Scotia" stayed on a Halifax radio station's charts 17 weeks and made the number one spot. She calls her singing style "graceful rock"—influenced by classical music. She grew up in Illinois, learned guitar from a cowboy, played in New York coffee houses. Then she toured for four years, singing back-up with Jonathan. Seven years ago, she got the yen to come to Nova Scotia (she'd never been there). She didn't know her future husband had bought a Nova Scotia farm and, though it seems coincidental, she says, "I'm not really a believer in coincidence." Edwards shys away from talk about her private life, but admits family comes first. Still, it's "real important" that she sing "uplifting, substantial music" that makes people think. "I'm not into Pollyanna," she says.

Ferry ride to Paradise

The Hopedale takes you not only to Paradise but also to other spots along the south coast of Newfoundland, past whales and dolphins, through walls of fog, between stupendous cliffs, and on into "an east-coast way of life which elsewhere has become little more than a memory." And then, alas, she takes you out of there. After three days, and 450 miles

By Silver Donald Cameron

The bald islands stand waist-deep in haze, like a vision of prehistory. Under the pale blue bowl of the awakening morning sky, a faint breeze furs the water. Directly before the bow of the MV *Hopedale*, a tiny white pyramid stands proud against a chocolate cliff. Near a rock ledge off the bow, a plume of fine spray reveals the presence of a browsing whale.

The white pyramid announces the entrance to Paradise, a seasonal fishing hamlet tacked to the rocks of a cup-like basin on the west shore of Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. You get there by boarding CN Marine's coastal ship the previous evening in Argentia, and sleeping in one of her plain but comfortable cabins. The *Hopedale* sails at 6:00 p.m. Breakfast is at 8:00 a.m. You wake up metaphorically and truthfully, in Paradise.

The *Hopedale* proves bargains still exist. Where else, for under \$200, can a couple take a three-day trip at sea of 450 miles, with a private cabin and all their meals included, visiting a magnificent coastline largely untouched by roads? The coastal boat sails every Thursday from Argentia, every Sunday from Port aux Basques. Between those ports, it visits an east-coast way of life which elsewhere has become little more than a memory.

Inside the tiny harbor of Paradise, Captain Leo Power lets fly a prolonged blast on the horn. A thousand diesel horsepower slow to an idle, and the ship glides to her chosen anchorage. Another short blast tells Fred Cross, the stocky, bespectacled bo'sun, to let go the anchor. Chain roars out the navel pipe, and the ship swings quietly to her mooring.

As seamen lower the gangway, a fishing boat puts out from a fragile-

looking stage. She has a graceful double-edged hull with a high, boxy wheelhouse near the stern. In a slow, lazy arc, the little vessel pulls in beside the big one. Here and at South East Bight, the next stop, the *Hopedale* unloads directly into small boats; the villages have no wharfs adequate for a vessel 188 feet long, drawing nine feet of water. Women and children scramble down into the fishing boat. The deck-mounted crane lifts the steel hatch-cover, dips into the hold for freight and, in half an hour, the operation is over.

With another echoing blast, the *Hopedale* prepares to leave. Fred Cross

steamer's wake. Gulls and terns dip and lunge. For two hours we steam through a land so eerie, so crisply outlined nearby and mistily indistinct in the distance that it seems to dissolve even the idea of history; here, time feels naturally measured in geological aeons. Beautiful? Of course. But the thought seems impertinent, like judging the table manners of the gods.

And then, suddenly, around a point of land a wharf appears, with a cluster of brightly painted wooden houses and a little fleet of skiffs and dories riding high and light like stray feathers on the water. Monkstown boasts cars and trucks, and a few miles of road but, though the links grow closer each year, the road is not yet connected to the highway system of Newfoundland. An old man rows his dory close to the wharf and then pulls steadily away down the shore; the wharf is crowded with 45-gallon drums. The old and the new: The way of life which is passing, the way of life which creeps nearer each construction season.

Down Paradise Sound again, to Petit Forte, another roadless outport. Captain Power's wife comes from Petit Forte, and her 86-year-old father, who now lives with the Powers in St. John's, has just gone home for two weeks. He still owns an immaculate old house on the point at the harbor mouth, and Leo Power himself would like to live there. He'd move out of the city in a flash. But there are five children, all St. John's-bred, all living at home, and the idea remains a dream.

The *Hopedale*'s crew comes from bays and islands all around Newfoundland. The first mate, Harold Butler, is from Port Rexton, in Trinity Bay; the second mate is from the abandoned island of Merasheen; the purser from Bonavista. Bill Skinner, the cheerful steward who serves most of our meals and makes up our berths, was raised in McCallum and lives in Francois, and both these south coast outports are on the *Hopedale*'s route. The voices, the food, the salty humor of the crew all reflect the bayman's outlook. Almost to a man, they regret and resent the closure of so many outports during the Smallwood years.

"Brunette, Hare Bay, Rencontre West, nobody there," Bill Skinner says, tapping the map with his finger. "Stone Valley, Round Harbour, Otter Point, Little Bay, the Goblins, all closed down. That settlement we passed, just after Paradise where you noticed the church? Nobody there." A few years ago, it took the coastal boat a week to serve the settlements of the



Francois: An outport that survived

slips the big anchor windlass in gear, and the chain clangs back up the navel pipe. The skipper puts one engine full ahead and the other full astern, and the ship slowly turns about in little more than her own length. She slides out of Paradise between rocky bluffs so close it seems they must brush the wings of the bridge.

After South East Bight, the ship turns north up the 26-mile length of Paradise Sound, a waterway like a placid river between ribbed rock banks. The land seems empty: Stunted, wind-blasted spruce trees, lichens, moss. Forgotten beaches gleam in the cool sunlight. Here and there, a tiny boat fishes along the shore, rocked by the

PHOTOS BY SILVER DONALD CAMERON

south coast. Now it takes three days.

"The closing of those settlements was the worst thing that ever happened to Newfoundland," Captain Power declares. He's a big, shy blond, given to talking in a confidential and tentative whisper. A far cry from Captain Bligh. "They closed nearly 40 settlements in Placentia Bay alone. Forty settlements! They moved all the people into the towns. But what were those men going to do there? They were fishermen, most of them, in their fifties and sixties. They had no real education, but they were good fishermen, independent fellows. Where were they going to get another job? And there weren't any jobs anyway. Now they just hang around and draw unemployment and welfare. It's a terrible thing, what was done to them."

"And now, you see, the fishing is coming back and they're getting a good price for fish. And in these little places a thousand dollars goes a long way. Some of these outports with 15 or 20 families, they've got everything they need and they're living like kings. You don't see any settlements closing down now. The ones that hung on, now they're doing pretty well today."

They are, too, to judge by appearances. The south coast looks wonderful: Smartly painted houses, good boats with big new engines, sinewy men, laughing kids, sleek dogs. After a long rolling run in the afternoon sunlight, the *Hopedale* enters Marytown to load cargo for St. Pierre and the western outports. The shipyard at Marytown is clogged with big steel drakers. Two massive orange tugs, *Normand Rough* and *Normand Ross*, lie at the wharf, complete and ready for their Norwegian buyers. Blue flashes from the stingers of electric welders, and painters finish off a supply vessel for the oil rigs. The *Hopedale* loads McCain's french-fries, Evinrude outboards, an electric water heater, a chesterfield suite, blocks and tackle, cases of light bulbs, stainless steel sinks, nets and line, oars, doors and parquet floors.

From Marytown it's a long run around the tip of the Burin Peninsula to Fortune, where the vessel will lie at a wharf overnight. Nobody takes the boat from Marytown to Fortune; it's only 50 miles by paved highway, and the boat takes several hours to do the trip. We have dropped off most of our passengers from Argentia, and the few left aboard are bound for the longer hauls—to St. Pierre, perhaps, or right through to Port aux Basques. The tourists include an Englishman, a St. John's auto body foreman, a pair of honeymooners, and a writer and his lady.

The doors to the bridge have prominent signs: NO ADMITTANCE. But on this relaxed, sun-sprayed evening, the sign means nothing, and passengers

throng the bridge. Five miles away, the CN ferry *Ambrose Shea* sits on the placid ocean like a steel barn, methodically plodding toward North Sydney. The smudge on the horizon off the starboard bow is St. Pierre. Farther off yet, the grey band along the edge of the sea is the ever-present bank of fog, ready to engulf us whenever the mild offshore breeze relaxes. Rising and falling to an almost imperceptible swell, the *Hopedale* murmurs on her way, while her officers explain the engine controls, the radar, the gyrocompass, the wind gauge and depth recorder, the direction-finder and the Decca navigator.

I'm tired. It's been a long day. I go to our cabin. When I wake up, it's dark and we're tied up in Fortune. I peer into the darkness, discern a wharf much like any other wharf and topple back into my berth. We sail for St. Pierre—that famous port, the last French possession north of the Caribbean—at 10 in the morning.

Three hundred years ago, this whole coast was French. The English had a base in St. John's, and fishing stations up the northeast coast. The French capital was Plaisance (now Placentia), and its hinterland villages stretched from La Manche and St. Jacques (now St. Shotts) on the Avalon Peninsula to Isle aux Morts and Port aux Basques on the island's southwest corner. Placentia is only seven miles from the Argentia ferry wharf, and well repays a visit (see Small Towns, page 66). The French were expelled from Newfoundland in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht. Some went to St. Pierre, others to France. A hundred and forty-nine of them sailed from Placentia to found what became the Fortress of Louisbourg in Cape Breton. Little trace of them remains, aside from the place names: Rose Blanche, Grand Bruit, Cinq Cerf River, Bay de Loup, Grand le Pierre.

"On the other hand," says Gerry Flynn, a CN Marine customer relations officer, "everyone in Point Verde seems to be named Green, so perhaps it's not that simple."

We visited St. Pierre, the only vestige of this once-imposing colony, but we didn't see it. We steamed from Fortune straight into the fog. The horn blew every two minutes, and after a while some rocks and buoys appeared. We tied up near the *Île de St. Pierre*, a little green freighter just in from North Sydney, where we'd seen her loading. People drove down to the wharf in Renaults and Peugeots with black and silver licence plates.

A craggy old Gallic face swarmed aboard in a turmoil of black slickers, boots and sou'wester. One of our passengers, peering through the murk, opined that it was foggy. Yes, the face



Monkstown: Still tied to ferry link



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Travel

nodded, "We'll 'ave to write a letter to God. Ask him for some fine weather." And how long was the fog likely to continue? The old fellow gave an eloquent shrug.

"Maybe a year."

For reasons known only to God and Canada Customs, passengers in transit can go ashore in St. Pierre only if they pay the full cost of a return ticket from Fortune—\$30 each. And we were berthed, not in the heart of town, but at the extreme fringe of the outer harbor. Sixty dollars to walk on a foggy wharf for an hour scarcely seemed *bon marche*.

"in here in sailing vessels," said the mate, as we muttered through the entrance to Harbour Breton, "that side there was known as 'the dirty side of Harbour Breton,' and you could always hear music coming from the houses—fiddles and accordions, anything you can imagine. They had no television then, it was all home entertainment. And in a schooner, no engine, you could really hear it. It was a beautiful thing." He laughed. "The dirty side of Harbour Breton. I don't know why they called it that."

We tied up overnight in Harbour

winds carved peaks and hollows in a big onshore swell, and the *Hopedale* rolled and reared erratically in the confused waters. Passengers who had lost their breakfasts declined all offers of lunch. The coast here, they say, is remarkable: Thousand-foot cliffs like titanic draperies along the edge of the sea. It may be so. Certainly the villages are as dramatic as anything I've seen. Sheer rock walls tower above them, and the harbors seem to be perfect circles with slender gaps leading to the sea. Grey River is particularly amazing. You can hardly believe there is an entrance there,

SILVER DONALD CAMERON



Coastal freighter glides through ever-present mist....and on to yet another harbor of her dreams

marche'. Margo and I decided to save St. Pierre for another time, and curse the Customs—as the St. Pierrais and Newfoundlanders themselves have been known to do, on occasion.

Back to Fortune, then, and on to English Harbour West and Harbour Breton. We stood at the bow of the ship, watching her plunge up and down in the choppy seas, when suddenly three large and sportive creatures burst from the water dead ahead. Dolphins! And sure enough, two of them peeled off and met the ship's cutwater, racing it furiously for two or three minutes, like silvery-green torpedoes just under the surface. They gave it up and fell astern, jumping and capering in the widening V of the wake.

"Years ago, when we used to come

Breton, at the foot of mountains whose tops were lost in low, weeping clouds. Another fish plant, and more draggers and longliners. It was dusk, and lights were coming on in the houses that ring the water. I wanted to see it in daylight, but I knew I wouldn't. We were sailing at 4:00 a.m. At 5:00 a.m. I could feel the boat pitching, but the engines were stopped. I peeped through the curtains and saw wooden packing cases swung aboard from a ramshackle wharf. Pass Island, I later discovered, is now just a summer fishing station, but the boat had come in by special request to pick up half a ton of salmon for North Sydney.

The weather that day was filthy: Cold and raw, foggy and wet, with breezes of close to 30 knots. Local

and then the boat slides down a corridor of rock roofed with fog, and emerges into a wide round basin with a town looking slightly surprised, as though it had ridden down to the shore on top of a rockslide. We have all seen such perfect harbors in dreams and travelogues. Grey River makes fantasy real.

But Grey River is so enclosed, I would rather live in Gaultois or Francois. In Grey River the cliffs overhang the people; it must be like living in the bottom of a vase. In Francois and Gaultois the cliffs are lower, less sheer; they seem protective rather than forbidding. One imagines the frozen iron gales of winter screaming across the tableland hundreds of feet above, shrieking in fury because they can't reach down to freeze and ravage the people.

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Travel

One seems naturally to think of living in such villages, not merely passing through them on a nautical bus. At some buried level of the mind, perhaps we suspect that television, plastics and aerosol sprays are only a momentary aberration in the history of mankind, that most people, through most of history, have lived without such things, dependent for their lives on the resources of land and sea. Do we understand instinctively that to live in Gaultois or Francois or McCallum or Ramea would mean confronting human realities which most of us, today, are able to avoid?

Perhaps these are only romantic notions—but I would bet hard cash that most mainland travellers on the south coast of Newfoundland wonder about them. *What would it be like to live here?* It would be a challenge and an opportunity. It might just be the most important experience of a lifetime.

It was certainly important to Farley Mowat, who found in Burgeo a chill and salty Eden from which he was eventually cast out. Ramea is a big fishing town in the middle of a handful of stones flung down in the sea a dozen miles offshore; Burgeo is a similar handful of boulders along the shore. The *Hopedale* loads for three hours at Burgeo, and steams five more to Port aux Basques. She makes port at three in the morning, and CN Marine's arrangements break down. Are we supposed to go ashore in the cold fog in the middle of the night, and wait until 10:30 for a ferry to North Sydney? You can't put people ashore at that hour, says the chief steward, and certainly not in Port aux Basques; it's like putting them ashore on the Funks or Scatarie. But at 5:30 I'm buying a ticket for Nova Scotia, and looking for a cup of coffee.

You can't get coffee: The machine is broken, and the terminal café is closed for renovations. Three of us trudge through the mist to the town itself, and at 7:00 a.m. find breakfast at the Grand Bay Motel. The breakfast is excellent, but the experience is sour, a depressing conclusion to a remarkable voyage.

Would I really recommend that anyone else do this for pleasure? I asked myself as I splashed through the puddles on the wharf in the thin light of dawn. This is no sybarite's vacation. But for stretching the mind, for glimpsing places and patterns of living which may have more to do with essential human realities than the glass and steel towers of urban Canada, yes. In Port aux Basques I was tired, cold, hungry and petulant. But I wouldn't have missed Gaultois and Paradise, not for anything. And there's only one way to get there. ☒

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When the war ended the violence began

In Halifax, 35 years ago, a human tinderbox exploded. The navy settled a score. The bitterness lingers on

On May 8, 1945, Prime Minister Mackenzie King was in San Francisco for the first meeting of the United Nations. San Francisco was tranquil enough but, in the press that evening, 35 years ago this month, he spotted an item that certainly didn't strengthen his dwindling hopes that even the UN could guarantee peace. "Serious rowdy riots in Halifax," he recorded. "A really disgraceful business; without question, all the result of drink."

The VE-Day riots were over. They'd been a tumultuous, drunken, carnal climax to the end of the Second World War in Europe. They had ravaged Halifax's business district, inflamed tension between city and navy, fuelled bitterness that lives even now, and set the stage for destruction of the career of Rear-Admiral L.W. Murray, commander-in-chief, Canadian Northwest Atlantic, the only Canadian ever to command a theatre of war. To this day, a question remains: Was it liquor or the denial of liquor that did most to touch them off?

Allan Butler, mayor just three weeks, had issued a proclamation on May 7: "All citizens are invited to attend thanksgiving services, demonstrations and celebrations to be held on VE-Day," the 8th. But word of Germany's surrender was out, and when servicemen came into town on the 7th they found it closed down, like some animal crouched in fear. Liquor stores, restaurants, theatres were shut, windows boarded. There wasn't enough beer in naval canteens, and naval facilities for on-base celebration were inadequate.

Beneath everything lay a tragic paradox: Together, city and navy had done much for the war effort but the city resented years of strain, shortages and navy misconduct; sailors resented a city they felt had persistently ripped them off. It was, one sailor would recall, a "tinderbox" situation. And, with Murray's approval, the navy shore patrol was under orders not to get tough: "Success will rely solely on tact."

About 9 p.m. the tinderbox began to explode with sailors in the forefront. Amid thousands of milling people, unarmed city and military police found themselves powerless. Flags were torn down, trolley wires pulled off trams, tramcar windows smashed, one set afire. A city police vehicle was ignited too, and firemen's hoses slashed by sailors. Two shore-patrol trucks were attacked. Store windows were broken. Mobs broke into four liquor stores to get the booze they'd been denied.

Early on the 8th, after what the *Herald* called "the maddest night perhaps old Halifax had known," things were calm. Murray turned down proposals that naval canteens be closed that day, and leaves cancelled. His men had been invited into the city, and he felt they were "entitled to celebration." Neither he nor Butler thought the riots would revive. The *Mail* was less optimistic: "What was left intact in the business district this morning was expected by police to be finished off this evening."



Barrington St., VE-Day: Years of strain, shortages erupted

Only the *Mail*'s timing was out. At 1 p.m., with beer gone, sailors ravaged Stadacona canteen and headed downtown in the hundreds. And, as one policeman would recall, "They knew exactly what they were going to do." They and many others broke into liquor stores. Downtown streets became one vast, swarming, alcoholic chaos. Sailors broke store windows. Civilians looted. Couples fornicated in broad daylight. It was, Thomas H. Raddall would write, "A scene for Hogarth." An emergency city-military meeting rejected martial law in fear of bloodshed, finally got Murray and Butler to drive through the streets, with the admiral ordering everyone home. By early evening it was over.

With a federal election under way and two Halifax seats at stake, Ottawa quickly named Justice R.L. Kellock, a puritanical teetotaller, to make a royal commission inquiry into perhaps the biggest drunk in Canadian history. His finding: The navy command was to blame for neither preventing nor quelling the riots. Murray was soon retired, a bitter man convinced he'd been treated "without mercy," that the commission became a trial of the navy alone even though thousands of civilians were involved. He was greatly respected in the navy. Many still feel he was a political scapegoat, and that subordinates he'd trusted let him down. The day he sailed from Halifax into what he called "voluntary exile" in England, hundreds of sailors cheered him off. Yet even now some Haligonians curse his name.

In "exile," he once contrasted his treatment with that accorded an American admiral. When Japan surrendered in August 1945, the same San Francisco that Mackenzie King had found so orderly on VE-Day erupted in even worse violence than Halifax had seen. For three days, sailor-led mobs sacked the downtown area, sent 1,000 to hospital, killed 13. A grand jury of inquiry asked the admiral in charge to testify, as Murray had done for hours. He refused, even refused to send an aide, and got away with it. The grand jury cleared all concerned. Damages of \$42,473 were eventually paid to victims. In Halifax, Ottawa paid \$1,064,000.

No one will ever know whether Halifax would have been spared if fear had not shut it down. Maybe the riots sapped the venom, but it is a fact that, later that same summer, its Victory in Japan-Day passed quietly. People could buy liquor. In naval canteens there was free beer, bands and dancing. "Hardly anyone," one sailor remembered, "bothered to go downtown." When some tried to raid a liquor store, police reacted with truncheons, and that was the end of that.

—Douglas How

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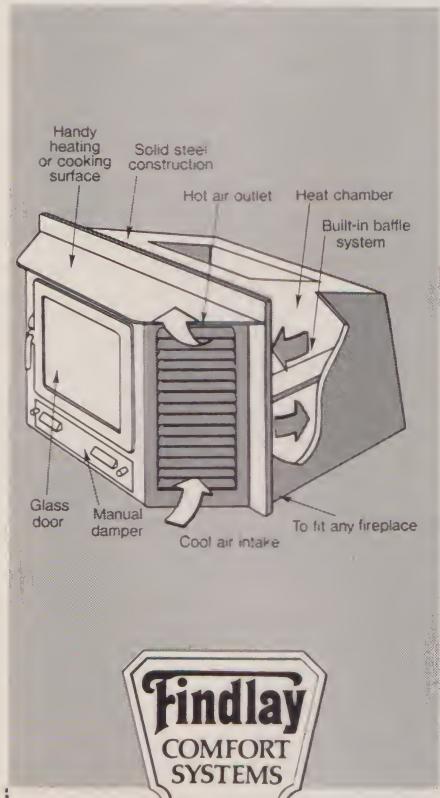
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Storm warning: Canada is in over its head

So says Roland Boudreau. He used to be a N.B. cabinet minister. Now, he's worrying about the coming collapse of our entire system of social services. The end is near...

After a year as chairman of a task force investigating the Workmen's Compensation Board of New Brunswick, ex-cabinet minister Roland Boudreau fears that, unless Canadians quickly change their dependent attitudes toward social services, the whole country is "doomed." He says our medicare and pensions systems may simply collapse and that, while taxpayers stagger on under crushing levies, hundreds of thousands of needy Canadians will be financially shipwrecked. "Every minute and every day that we delay change," he says, "we're borrowing more money, and the day of recognition is coming sooner and sooner."

Little in Boudreau's appearance or past suggests he's a chronic doom-sayer. He's an accountant by training, a businessman, a portly 44-year-old who often pulls up his egg-shaped face in a grin that almost hides the eyes behind his wire-rimmed glasses. For much of his life he's revelled not in grim forebodings but in the contradictions of simply being Acadian. He forsook the Acadians' traditional Liberalism to run as a Tory. And won. Though three of his five children graduated from English-language high schools, he fought to have his home town's name officially recorded as Pointe Verte, rather than the anglicized Green Point that CNR had foisted on it. (Pointe Verte is in Gloucester County, northern New Brunswick.)

As minister of Natural Resources in the Hatfield government in the mid-Seventies, Boudreau supported the program to spray spruce budworm, and thereby earned himself threatening phone calls. He refused an unlisted number. The people, he felt, had a right to

reach him. "I'm a realist," he says. "I try to be honest, first with myself, then with the people." These days, his realism is frightening.

It was his work on the task force studying the Workmen's Compensation



Boudreau: Social programs will leave taxpayers financially shipwrecked

Board that led him to such gloomy conclusions as this: "Within the next decade our social programs will be in trouble. Within the next 20 to 25 years, Canada Pension [payments] will have to triple or quadruple....We are already seeing the erosion of medicare." He predicts the decay will spread to welfare systems, even education.

"Are you ready to accept an 80%

income tax for a guy making \$20,000 a year?" he asks. He thinks an almost inevitable explosion in the cost of programs that already cost billions "will be a terrible shock. I don't think society is ready for that." The problem, as Boudreau sees it, involves not only mere mismanagement but also national habits of waste and built-in inefficiency. Programs overlap. They pile money on some, while depriving others. (Boudreau's task force, for instance, discovered that one 55-year-old man was eligible for no fewer than four pensions while a 63-year-old was scraping by on \$90 a month.) "I would rather see me not receive family allowance," he says. "Because of my salary. I'd rather see society keep it where there's really a need."

Boudreau also blames Canadians' carelessness about their own health and safety: "We think we can do anything to our health and then ask a doctor to cure us. People are outraged when we take music lessons out of the schools, but they're not outraged when we don't even teach safety."

Boudreau, however, does see some hope of averting the disaster that could disintegrate every social program from medicare and pensions to welfare and schools. He refers to the recommendations for reform that his task force made: "We found that by rethinking the program, we could take the same amount of dollars and do it better. If we could only distribute the money in a co-ordinated way, we'd have enough to administer all these programs and still have the service that people demand."

Predicting the end of the world so far as Canada's social programs go is not exactly an attractive political stance but, some day, Boudreau may again run for electoral office. "I like politics," he says. "I love the everyday excitement, the challenge. I'd like to take another stab at it, but not right now." First, he may get a chance to put his ideas into practice at the Workmen's Compensation Board. A seat on the Board will soon become vacant, and he's asked for a chance to help implement reform. If he gets it, he'll no doubt continue to argue that only intelligent change can guarantee salvation.

—Chris Wood



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Vacations

Don't just lie on a beach. Get out and learn stuff

You can learn to dance, paint a picture, study rocks.
You can sun and swim, too. Here's where

By Roma Senn

Rev. Mel Scott and his wife, Eva, of Halifax, usually spend their summer vacation at the beach but, two years ago, they decided to try something new: The Atlantic Canada Institute, a summer course on regional culture, in Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Scott thought her husband and daughter would cut classes and spend most of their time at the beach. Surprisingly, the whole family managed classes, parties, picnics and the theatre. "It was a well-rounded and inexpensive holiday," she says. They'll spend another week with the Institute this summer at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B.

Summer schools in dance, music, language training, theatre, arts and crafts—just about everything you could think of—are booming across the Atlantic region. You can combine summer recreation with the chance to learn a skill. Many programs are geared for family participation, require no experience and occur at universities where everyone can room on campus. Here's *Atlantic Insight's* survey of some schools in the region this summer:

THE REGION

Atlantic Canada Institute—Studies in Atlantic Canadian culture. Excellent for families: Full program for kids 6-14. University of Prince Edward Island, Charlottetown, is the main site but there's also a one-week program at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. July 20-25, UPEI, covers humor and ecology; July 27-Aug. 1, UPEI, Irish culture and song (includes a program on people and customs of Nfld.); Aug. 10-15, Mt. A., Maritime landscape in art and literature. Tuition, \$50 per week single, \$75 per family. Accommodation available on both campuses. At UPEI, furnished two-bedroom apartments are \$110 per week, single rooms \$50. At Mt. A. \$11 per person per day covers room and board. Cheaper rates for families. Write Atlantic Canada Institute, P.O. Box 5050, Saint John, N.B.

Language programs—Several universities offer French immersion programs. Uni-

versité Sainte-Anne, Church Point, N.S., in co-operation with College of Cape Breton, has a six-week total immersion program. Enrolment limited to 250, for all levels of language competence. Classes are in the mornings, afternoons free for extra-curricular activities. Several

Contact Gail Innes Dance Studio, St. John's.

Stephenville Festival of the Arts—Stephenville. Six-week drama school combined with three-week festival. Training in voice, movement, makeup, dance. Ages 16-45, enrolment 30. Application deadline May 15, tuition \$300. Bring dance clothes and makeup. Accommodation at Community College, Bay St. George, \$2 per night, \$1.47 per meal. School opens June 25, festival July 15. Write College Admissions Office, Provincial Drama School, 30 Empire St., Stephenville.

Summer Arts Program for High School Students—For Nfld. and Labrador students who are considering art as a career. Students work in rural communi-



Learning at the beach: She's with UNB photography workshop

trips are planned. Students must sign a contract stating they'll speak only French. Residence is a must. Total cost, \$1,000 per student. Similar courses offered at UPEI and Université de Moncton.

NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR

Performing Arts Camp—St. John's. Ages 8-15, classes for beginners, intermediates, seniors in drama, mime, dance, with workshops in juggling and step-dancing. Two-week camp, \$100. Forty-five students accepted. Some scholarships available. Closing mime performances through streets of old St. John's. Held two weeks in August.

ties with Nfld. artists. Emphasis on drawing and painting. No tuition, room or board. Contact Memorial University Extension Department, St. John's.

Cultural Resources Camp—Introduces Grade 9 and 10 students to Nfld. culture. Kids board with families in Labrador Strait area, July 22 to Aug. 8, \$25 per student. Nfld. and Labrador students only. Contact Memorial University Extension Department, St. John's.

Natural Resources Camps—Series of camps for Grade 9 and 10 Nfld. and Labrador students on farming, fisheries, mining, forestry, energy. Cost about

\$25 per person. Limited enrolment. Write Director of Resources Camps, Memorial University, St. John's.

Art in Nfld. Environment—St. Michael's Printshop, St. Michael's (on the south shore, 48 km from St. John's). Course for 15 adults, run by artist/film-maker Joyce Wieland. Applications close end of June. Tuition \$100, plus materials. Room and board available, camping nearby. Contact Heidi Oberheide at the printshop.

Music Camp—Sir Wilfred Grenfell College, Corner Brook. Ages 8-17, some instrumental experience necessary. Runs Aug. 13-24. Students board on campus, 150 accepted. Tuition, room and board about \$150. Contact Music Department, Memorial University, St. John's.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Youth Music Camp—UPEI, Charlottetown. Ages 9-17, runs June 29-July 11

available. Live on campus. About 35 accepted, runs Aug. 4-15. Contact UPEI.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Theatre Arts Workshop—For students 13-18, July 6-19 at University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. No experience necessary. More fun than specific theatre training. Instruction in movement, voice, language appreciation, improvisation. Visits to N.B. theatres. Cost for two weeks, \$300. Includes tuition, room and board, extra-curricular activities. Live on campus, 96 accepted. Some scholarships. Write UNB, Dept. of Extension and Summer Session, Fredericton.

Mount Allison University—Variety of summer programs in music, fine arts, photography, creative writing, Highland dance, international affairs. Last year more than 1,400 attended. Room and board available on campus for all

UNB, 10 workshops by top photographers for beginners, intermediate, advanced levels. Most classes run a week, photojournalism 10 days. Courses in English and French, intensive instruction, adults only. Tuition from \$225 to \$330. Bring a camera, film and enlarging paper. Other supplies provided. Accommodation on campus. Write N.B. Craft School and Centre, Box 6000, Fredericton.

Fundy National Park Summer Craft School—Route 114, 80 km south of Moncton. Runs all July and August, no pre-registration. Classes \$6 a day plus materials. Mostly for beginners in leatherwork, weaving, wood turning. Ages 12 and over.

UNB Summer Festival—This is the 15th anniversary of this festival of chamber music and jazz. Workshop June 30-July 4 by Phil Nimmons, tuition \$50. Chamber music workshop June 23-July 4, tuition \$20. Orchestra musicians from across Canada will conduct. Rooms on campus, \$5 per double, \$6 per single, meals extra. Contact the festival secretary, UNB.

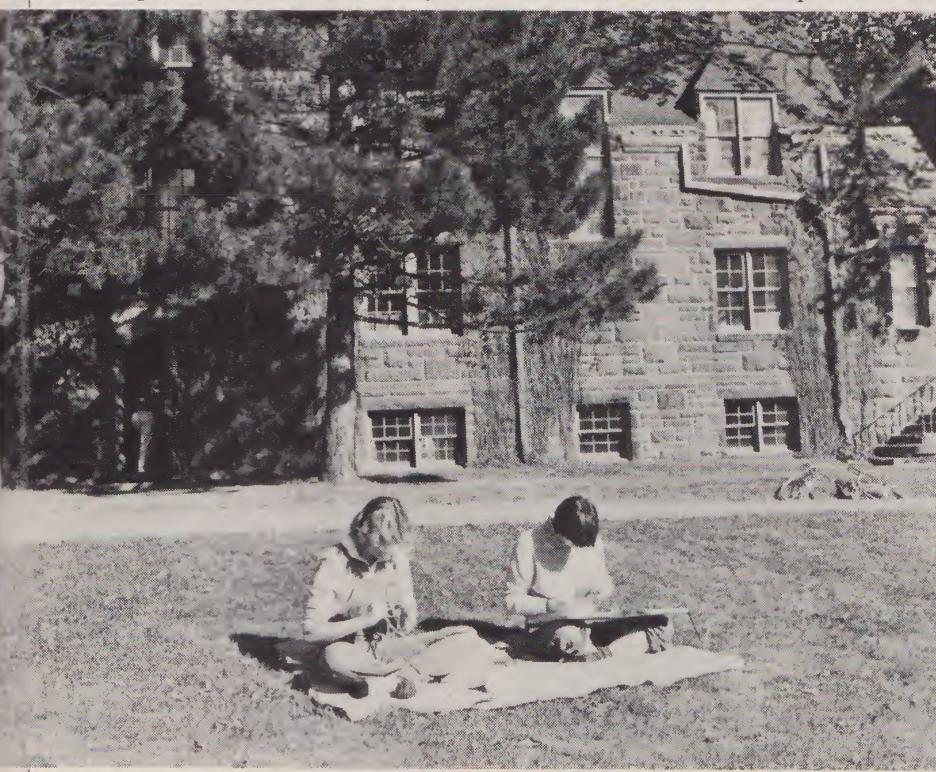
Summer Craft Workshops—Community Arts Centre, Middle Sackville, N.B. Adult and children's programs, tuition \$40 to \$120 per week, room and board on Mount A. campus. Batik, pottery, weaving, leather. Day camp for kids combining environmental studies and art. Morning field trips. Runs during July. Contact Mount A. Continuing Education Dept.

Dance Festival '80—UNB, classes for ages 6-16 in classical ballet, choreography, national and Scottish folk dance. Sessions July 21-25, July 28-Aug. 1. Contact Extension Services, UNB.

Maritime Writers Workshop—July 13-19, for teens and adults, UNB. Group discussions, writing assignments, public readings. Bursaries available through the Department of Youth, Recreation and Cultural Resources, Fredericton. Enrollment 40, application deadline June 1. Write Department of Extension Services, UNB. Tuition \$95, single rooms \$30 per week, doubles \$25, food extra.

Arts, Crafts and Ecology Programs—Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre Inc., St. Andrews, offers a variety of summer programs for adults and children: Wildlife arts, landscape and seascape, drawing and painting, weaving, stained glass. Programs through July and August. Tuition from \$50 to \$130. Seven-day ecology program run with Huntsman Marine Laboratory and Biological Station, St. Andrews. Adults, costs \$450 including accommodation at Anderson House, an attractive residence overlooking the bay and golf course. Limited enrolment. Contact the Centre, 139 Water St., St. Andrews, E0G 2X0.

Le Camp Musical et Artistique—Ship-



At Mount Allison last summer: More than 1,400 studied, played

(beginners) July 13-25 (advanced). Structured program, group and individual instruction. Summer activities, some evenings at Confederation Centre's Summer Festival. Contact UPEI.

Arts Workshops—Holland College, Charlottetown. Three one-week workshops in painting, July 7-25, given by artists Daphne Irving, Norman Yates, Don Pentz. Adults, no tuition, primarily for experienced artists. Boarding on campus, \$100 per room. Contact Holland College, School of Visual Arts, Burns Ave., West Royalty, P.E.I.

Human Rights Institute—UPEI, Charlottetown. Specialized courses primarily for law and sociology students. Bursaries

courses. Contact Mount Allison University Extension Department.

Summer Dance Program—Sponsored by Mount A. and the Dance Arts Studio. Classes in ballet, modern, jazz, tap and choreography. Special program for dance teachers. Youth program, ages 9-15; seniors, 16 and over. Tuition from \$70 to \$200 (for complete program). Contact DancEast '80, 8 Broadview Ave., Moncton E1E 1W9.

Elderhostel—UNB, Fredericton. Academic programs for those over 60. Costs \$130 per week for room, board, tuition. No education requirements. Write Elderhostel, Box 4400, Fredericton.

Maritime Photography Workshops—

Vacations

pegan, N.B., July 28-Aug. 4. French workshops in recorder, flute, clarinet, saxophone, violin, guitar, piano. Also painting, leatherwork, marionettes, theatre and gymnastics. For adults and children, minimum age eight. Kids get priority for day sessions. Tuition \$20 per person, \$50 per family. Room and board extra (about \$50). Camping facilities nearby. Write Le Camp, a/s Mme. Gilberte Mallet, C.O. 11, Shippegan, N.B. EOB 2PO.

N.B. Summer Music Camp—Privately run at Rothesay Collegiate. Ages seven to adult. Grade 4 required for piano instruction. Runs Aug. 10-24, tuition \$100. Accommodation at school extra. Deadline for applications June 1. Write Mrs. H. Wright, 101 Orange St., Saint John, E2L 1M5.

Arts and Crafts Workshops—Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton, N.B. May, June and July, woodcarving, copper enamelling, pottery, leather crafts. Tuition \$10-\$15. Some supplies provided. Minimum age 16, but tentative program planned for children. Contact the gallery.

NOVA SCOTIA
N.S. Dance Camp—Université Sainte-

Anne, Church Point, N.S. For the whole family, as long as the kids are over six. Social, square, Scottish, international folk dance. Full costs with accommodation on campus, from \$160 to \$380, slightly more for non-Nova Scotians. Camp, motel nearby. College has pool, squash and tennis courts. Write Gordon Arthur, Camp registrar, c/o Black Point Post Office, Halifax County, N.S. B0J 1B0.

Summer Theatre School—Ages 11-18, no experience necessary. Course will be held in Halifax-Dartmouth area, students will stage an original production at closing. Write Nova Scotia Drama League, Halifax.

Institute of Liturgical Music—Course for adults interested in church music. St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S. Contemporary folk for choirs, liturgical dance (interpretive ballet), psalm singing, youth choirs, religious instruction. Registration June 29, tuition \$100, single rooms \$125, doubles \$120, meals extra. Contact St. F.X.

Archeology—St. F.X. A credit course, but you can audit it for half the cost. Excavation methods, lab work, lectures. June 2 to Aug. 8, tuition \$175 (\$87.50 to audit), rooms \$175 for the session,

meals extra.

Mount Saint Vincent University—Halifax, offers a variety of non-credit evening courses: The Canadian economy, book-keeping, computers, writing and speaking, assertiveness training for women, interior decorating, biology, creative play reading. Some open to children. Tuition from \$10 to \$55 per course. Contact the university. Some courses have very limited enrolments.

Chance to Dance—Halifax Dance Co-op program for youngsters and adults, no experience necessary. June 9-27, modern dance and ballet; July 7-25, jazz and tap. Tuition \$78 for non-members, \$70 for members. Write Dance Co-op, Halifax.

Dance Nova Scotia—Programs for people with and without previous dance training. Folk dance leadership course at Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., July 7-12. Classes all day, practice in the evenings. Concurrent square and round dance courses for beginners and intermediates. Tuition, \$75 for Nova Scotians, \$85 for others. Room and board at Acadia \$11.50 per day. Contact DANS, Halifax.

Gaelic College of Celtic Folk Arts—St. Ann's, on Cape Breton Island. Programs for adults and children in Gaelic, drumming, piping, Highland dancing. Two-week adult program runs from July 10; children from July 6 to Aug. 9. Costs \$100 per week including room, board, tuition.

Halifax School of Pottery—Classes throughout the day and evening, new students start the first of each month. Limit of 12 per class, instruction at all levels. Tuition \$20 per month, plus supplies. Special classes by arrangement. The studio at 1585 Barrington St., Halifax, is usually open so students can practise.

Atlantic Institute of Management and Humanistic Studies—Offered in co-operation with the Canadian Marine Transportation Centre and the School of Business at Dalhousie University, a 9-day program at Keltic Lodge, Cape Breton, helps "senior executives and their wives" respond to challenges confronting the executive and his family. Among the challenges: "The pervasiveness of the executive's mid-life crisis." Daily sessions with experts on great philosophers, economics, government expansion, population and energy, nutritional cooking, experiencing nature, attitudes on human sexuality, etc. 15 couples only. Cost for the course, room and meals is \$1,250 per person. Write to the Institute at P.O. Box 1014, Station "M," Halifax, N.S. B3J 2X4.



Jazz flautist does his stuff at UNB workshop

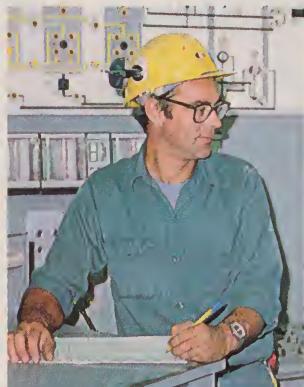
CANTONIERS

Our employees and their achievements in sports

MARVIN SINCLAIR McLEAN

Marvin McLean joined our Company in 1976 and is presently employed as a Control Room Operator at the Brookfield, Nova Scotia plant. He began stock car racing as a hobby in 1970. He placed third in season's points at the Atlantic Speedway in Halifax in 1974, second at the Onslow Speedway in 1978 and first in 1979. Last year Marvin also placed fifth in the Maritime Championship in the Sportsman's Class race held at the Riverside Speedway near Antigonish, N.S.

His car for the past season has been a '68 Camaro with a '75 Monte Carlo chassis and a modified 307 cu. in. engine. Marvin is presently building another chassis out of square tubing on which he will mount a '78 Camaro body and a 350 cu. in. engine.



BILL SUMMERS

William D. Summers joined the Company in October 1970. Following a brief stage with the sales department at our Toronto office he was transferred to Saskatoon and he is now District Sales Manager for the Province of Saskatchewan.

As the illustration above attests, Bill has had tremendous success as a hockey player and he is still very much involved in hockey as a coach for a Saskatoon junior team. He also participates in the instructional certification program of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association and he is a member of the Technical Committee of that organization.



AMAR SINGH MANGAT

Born in Naramoro, Kenya, Amar is now a Canadian citizen who works as an Estimator for Connac, one of our subsidiaries in Calgary, Alberta. He is a specialist in field hockey having played in 73 international games. Amar represented Kenya at the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo and served as a technical official at the 1976 Olympics in Montreal. He is the first and only Canadian to have been in the Olympics as a player and then act as an international umpire. He has represented Alberta in the Canadian Field Hockey Umpires Association for eight years, and he was provincial advisor to the Alberta Summer Games for three years. He also served as sports director of the India-Canada Association for three years. His son Jagjiwan also excels in field hockey having played for the Alberta National Championship Team for the past four years.



WILLIAM T. EGO

William Ego has been employed by Richvale Block and Ready Mix, one of our Ontario subsidiary companies since October 1960. He began his career as a truck driver and later was promoted to the concrete quality control section as a batcher in the concrete plant. His next promotion was to that of Construction Foreman.

William is qualified to test and train truck drivers under the Ontario Ministry of Transport Driver Training Program for employment at Richvale. He is an accomplished athlete having played for many years as a pitcher in the Lake Simcoe Men's Baseball League and having won many championships. William also plays centre on the Sutton Hockey Team and he has been a Minor League Hockey Coach for several years. Mr. & Mrs. Ego have five children ranging in age from 14 to 25 years.

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Big round for Stirling in old fight with CBC

But the national network's hanging in there. The struggle continues

In the strongest language it can muster, the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) has told the CBC to stop carrying local TV commercials in Newfoundland. It's a clear victory for the province's millionaire private media magnate, Geoff Stirling, who has tried for a decade to convince the CRTC that the Newfoundland market cannot support two commercial broadcasters. It's a not-so-clear victory for those who want television to become commercial-free right across the country. What the decision means for the quality—and quantity—of television in Newfoundland remains to be seen. Uncertain itself about the decision's significance, the CBC won't give up without a fight.

When the decision came down in February—it was part of a four-year renewal of television licences for CBC stations in Corner Brook and St. John's—the CBC acted bewildered. It shouldn't have been surprised. Last year, while renewing CBC's national network licence, the CRTC recommended the Corporation begin "a progressive withdrawal" from local advertising, starting in areas where a limited commercial market threatens the profitability of a second television service. The CRTC specifically mentioned Newfoundland and northern New Brunswick as "examples of areas where this is the case and where such withdrawal should be completed by September 1982."

The CBC did not agree. Since it's a creature of Parliament, the CRTC can't actually order it to do anything. So that's where things stood. At hearings last fall, however, Stirling's Newfoundland Broadcasting Company Ltd., which operates the CTV-affiliate NTV from St. John's, charged that CBC's local advertising rates are "unfairly competitive" because of its \$500-million annual support from the public purse. "CBC rates bear no relation to actual costs," says NTV station manager Tim Forsythe. "They regard ads as gravy."

While Stirling winters at his Arizona ranch, his pleas of poverty may be tough for some to swallow (his unionized employees bargained hard for wage



NTV's Forsythe says CBC sees ads "as gravy"

increases this winter), but he told the hearings NTV must be free of that "unfair competition" just in order to continue, much less expand. In exchange for a promise to extend and improve his own broadcast system, a condition of NTV's latest licence renewal, the CRTC agreed with him.

Revenue that NTV may pick up from former CBC clients does not seem to be the major issue. Forsythe says the amount of new income depends on whether his station can win over those advertisers, and CBC's regional director in Newfoundland, John Power, refuses to say how much money local commercials bring in. Whatever the amount, it will not pay for the near \$10-million investment in equipment and buildings to which Stirling is now committed. It also won't begin to cover NTV's increased programming costs if it carries out CRTC orders to beef up its local productions, buy better children's shows and schedule more and better Canadian programs.

All in all, the CRTC's "proposal" to the CBC is little more than a gesture but Edythe Goodridge, Newfoundland's part-time CRTC commissioner, says it's an important gesture: "No one denies that the private station is not going to fulfil the special role of local CBC shows like *Land and Sea* and *Here and Now* [Newfoundland's evening news and current-affairs hour]. We've said institutional advertising, sponsorships for shows like this are fine. We just told them to get out of pizza parlors."

Is this decision the thin edge of a wedge the CRTC is trying to drive between the CBC and its quasi-commer-

cial nature? All parties say no. "Newfoundland has always been a separate case," John Young says. He's the only member of CBC's board of directors from the Atlantic provinces. The province's rough terrain and scattered population make television service a technical and financial nightmare. "CFTO in Toronto can put up one tower, one transmitter and reach a million people," NTV's Forsythe sighs. "We have 37 transmitters and we're not in Labrador or the Northern Peninsula at all yet. My file cabinet is filled with requests from people living in pockets down behind hills, in valleys and gorges, where our signal doesn't reach." The CRTC also made Newfoundland a special case when it awarded NTV a cut of local cablevision revenues. NTV gets 25 cents a month for each subscriber, to compensate for the fractured audience (and subsequent lower ad rates) cable channels cause.

Still, the CBC immediately sent a delegation to the CRTC to "consult" over the decision. Unconvinced of Stirling's financial troubles, the Corporation doesn't want to lose that revenue in Newfoundland. It also doesn't want to let the decision stand as a precedent. There are just too many other places in Canada where it might apply. The CBC argues that the decision not only gives NTV a monopoly in local TV ads but also leaves those areas (such as Labrador), for which the CBC is the only Canadian service, without any television advertising outlet at all.

Behind all this confusion stands a peculiar irony: The CBC has a long-term policy to get out of advertising altogether. But it wants to do it in its own time, in its own way. That means finding other sources of income, more than \$100 million a year, perhaps as high as \$200 million. Parliament is just one possibility. It also means major programming changes (another long-term goal) because taking commercials out of purchased American shows, for example, leaves the Canadian broadcaster with costly holes to fill. The Corporation argues that piecemeal decisions like this one in Newfoundland only distract it from its larger purpose. In any case, the CBC knows that "Canadianizing" the network will automatically decrease ad revenues: Canadian content just doesn't sell the way American sit-coms do. It also knows that its giving up commercials means more revenue for the private stations, which they say they need to increase their own Canadian programming. Sounds too easy to be true. Unfortunately, it probably is.

—Amy Zierler

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Jim Ross wants to save downtown Fredericton

From vulgar interlopers: A Montreal-based developer of dollar-sucking malls, and three Toronto-based department stores

Jim Ross remembers the day in 1957 he came down from the Gaspé to enrol at the University of New Brunswick. "It was a beautiful fall day, and I had an inkling then that Fredericton was where I wanted to live." Ross has seldom left since. He's become a lawyer, realtor, businessman, disco-and-radio-station owner and, now, Roman soldier. At 41, Jim Ross has become Fredericton's Horatius at the Bridge, fending off interlopers who would sweep the town and render it a vestigial shell.

Not all of Fredericton shares this view of Ross. To some—chiefly shoppers frustrated by years of indifference at the hands of the city's downtown mer-

partner in a group proposing alternate development in the downtown—including a smaller mall—Ross is the most visible defender against doomsday. It isn't a mantle that an essentially private man wears easily, but so great are the economic and esthetic stakes that he cannot ignore them. "Shopping has been made the issue," he says, "but really the issue is responsible development of a city." Words like these have echoed across North America, but in lovely old Fredericton, the quintessential home town, they become nearly scriptural.

It is a fractious evening in late

February. The visitors' gallery in city hall is packed with intent citizen-supporters of the two opposing projects. On the floor below, 11 councillors and a mayor are hearing, one more time, the respective merits of those projects. The evening becomes a distillation of all the elements, emotions, strategies, perspectives and personalities bearing on a battle that has raged for months. The Westcliff spokesman

is smooth, assured; the home towners earnest but less confident.

The penultimate moment arrives when representatives of The Bay, Simpsons-Sears and Eaton's, who have all said they will put stores in the Westcliff mall, are paraded before the council and asked if, under any circumstances, they would locate downtown instead. They say no. It looks like the Fredericton Development Game is over. How can you beat a stacked deck? And yet, the downtown proponents declare later, it's just a good poker bluff. Freeze out Westcliff on the fringe and see how long before these stores are scrambling to come downtown. It's happened else-

where, they argue, and it could certainly happen in Fredericton, a university and government town whose shoppers—even without a major department store—already boost retail sales well above the national average.

Trouble is, logic does not easily penetrate obdurate members of Fredericton's city council. It's as if God had only three more department stores to hand out, and Fredericton can have them all if the city just gets religion. Never mind that council has promised to direct development to the sagging downtown. Never mind that a consultant's report warned that the downtown will be critically eroded if the regional mall is built. Never mind that an attractive revitalization scheme, recently promulgated by the city's own planning department, will be still-born. Like anxious adherents, a majority of the councillors blithely accept the gospel according to Westcliff and they seem ready to let three Toronto-based department-store outfits direct the future retail growth of the capital of New Brunswick.

The Ross group needs a miracle of its own. Its project, on two downtown blocks, includes retail and office space, a hotel and convention centre. But without a people-attracting department store it cannot work. Ross has been looking for one elsewhere in Canada and New England. In return for committing themselves to the Westcliff mall, Simpsons, The Bay and Eaton's get favorable rental arrangements. To balance that, Ross asked the New Brunswick government for help to finance land for his project. Critics complain this means taxpayers will foot the bill for a private development but, in fact, government participation in downtown projects, as a means of making costs competitive with cheaper suburban locations, is common practice nowadays.

Despite brickbats and obstacles, Jim Ross remains optimistic. His initial interest in the mall question, he admits, was sparked by concern for his own considerable downtown real estate, but it quickly escalated to the "pretty horrendous" implications of the regional mall for Fredericton, "one of the most beautiful little cities in Canada." Sitting in an antique-furnished office in the former shoe factory that his company restored, Jim Ross emerges as an entrepreneur with a social conscience, Horatius in a turtleneck sweater. Now the Etruscans are at the gates of Fredericton. Stay tuned.

— David Folster

Ross: Horatius in a turtleneck. And not a nice guy

chants—Ross is a thorn in the side of their dreams. He threatens to deny them the big-city shopping they have often longed for. He would do that by blocking free enterprise, dabbling in socialism, enlarging his own domain. Jim Ross is not a nice guy.

This schizophrenic perception of a soft-spoken, even vulnerable-appearing entrepreneur arises now because Fredericton is in the throes of a classic battle over shopping malls. A Montreal company, Westcliff Management Ltd., wants to build a huge "regional" shopping centre on the city's edge. If it does, many believe it will drain dry the city's downtown commercial core. As leading



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Halifax: Music miracles may well be in the works

An internationally renowned musician will soon open a top-notch school for performers. A four-week festival will keep the tourists humming

The story of how Halifax came to be home—at least temporarily—to a world-class, music-performance school begins, strangely enough, with diabetes. That was the disease that, in 1973, cut short the brilliant playing career of Bob Marcellus, one of the world's premier clarinettists. Though then just 45, Marcellus had already achieved an enviable international reputation in symphonic circles: For 20 years, he'd been principal clarinettist for the acclaimed Cleveland Symphony Orchestra (which, in a highly unusual tribute to his talents, last year endowed its principal clarinet chair in his name). He'd also been an occasional guest solo-

ist with New York's Lincoln Centre Chamber Orchestra and a featured performer at Puerto Rico's famed Festival Casals, not to mention a coach for Canada's National Youth Orchestra.

But Marcellus suffered from diabetes, and his frenetic schedule made the disease even worse. Performing put extreme pressure on his already-weakened eyes and, one morning in 1973, Marcellus suddenly discovered he couldn't see. He'd lost all sight in one eye and was left with just partial vision in the other. His doctors told him he had to give up his performing career. For a man whose whole life had been wrapped up in playing music, it was a bitter blow. "I'll have a scotch and tell you about it sometime," he allows today.

Marcellus, of course, had options. He was also a fine teacher whose pupils—"my progeny" as he sometimes calls them—were already performing with many of North America's best orchestras.

Chris Wilcox, the Atlantic Symphony's second clarinettist, was one such disciple. A Toronto-born, former high-school basketball sensation, Wilcox had discovered the clarinet late, but

quickly made up for lost time during three intense years of study under Marcellus in Cleveland. Like many other Marcellus students, Wilcox remained devoted to his former teacher. When he learned about Marcellus's untimely retirement, he immediately invited him to Halifax to be guest conductor for the Scotia Chamber Players, an Atlantic Symphony offshoot that Wilcox was then managing.

"I wasn't trying to do something for Bob," Wilcox points out quickly. "I did it more for me than for him. I'd been wanting more professional stimulation but, until Bob retired, I realized that he was so much in demand as a performer that it would have been impossible to get him to come here. When I found out he had had to stop playing, I figured he'd have some time."

Like Wilcox, who'd first come to Halifax in 1967 just for the Symphony job and had quickly become a confirmed Maritimer, Marcellus fell in love with what he calls "this most unique part of the world." In spite of the fact that Marcellus has since become the principal professor of clarinet at Chicago's Northwestern University as well as the conductor and musical director of the Interlochen Arts Academy Orchestra in Michigan, Nova Scotia so impressed him that he's been back every spring since 1973 to conduct and give master classes in the clarinet.

Marcellus is now convinced that Nova Scotia's "special natural charms" make it the perfect place for an international summer music school. "All the best-known off-season music festivals and schools are in places of great scenic beauty. Nova Scotia, it seems to me, is the ideal spot for this type of school," Marcellus explains. "The time is ripe and the opportunity is boundless." He is calling it the Scotia School of Music Performance.

Intriguingly—for a city not normally regarded as being at the centre of the cultural universe—Halifax will boast two major musical happenings this summer. Besides Marcellus's performance school at Dalhousie University

(June 1-10), the city will also play host to the Halifax International Festival, a four-week cultural extravaganza (July 12-August 10) that's the brainchild of local musician Branco Mizerit. Mizerit's scheme includes everything from symphony to pops concerts, ballet and opera, as well as "national nights" featuring German and Spanish music and two full-scale musicals. Both the festival and the school will be going to the same government and corporate wells in search of funding but neither seems worried about the danger of the city overdosing on culture. "We are very different," Mizerit insists. "Our major goal is to attract tourists to Nova Scotia in the summer. We see the Festival, like other international happenings, becoming a major reason for people choosing to come to the province."

Marcellus, on the other hand, wants to create "an absolutely top-drawer, articulate, condensed school strictly for performing." This year's 10-day demonstration program, if it's as successful as both Marcellus and Wilcox expect, will be expanded next year into a five-week program.

"We are absolutely convinced there is a need for this kind of school," Marcellus says. "The problem with many summer schools is that they've become so big, they've become unmanageable. They stop maintaining the necessary artistic standards." Enrolment in this year's school, he says, will be restricted to about 40 top-ranked musicians culled from all over North America. He adds, "We want lots of local people attending our classes as auditors."

Aside from providing public summertime entertainment and giving musicians a chance to study under master teachers—besides Marcellus, this year's staff will include Victor Yampolsky (violin), Lynn Harrell (cello), and John Browning (piano)—Marcellus sees his school as a way to inspire local music educators. "Teachers are crucial to the procreation of musicians. That's why the public music education system is so vital. Right now," he adds, "there's nothing quite like what we have in mind in Canada." Halifax, however, will probably be only the school's temporary home. Both Wilcox and Marcellus have their eyes on a little-used convention hall at the Digby Pines resort complex as the school's permanent home. But, for this year at least, Haligonians won't be able to complain about a lack of summertime cultural fare.

—Stephen Kimber

JACK OSBURN

Maestro Marcellus



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They missed the Olympics but beat the world's best

And for three bluenose yachtsmen that, in the end, was enough

The thousand-mile trip home to Halifax from Kingston, Ont., at the end of August, 1974, was, they now agree, the "absolute worst low point" in their sailing careers. Today, of course, Glen Dexter, Andreas Josenhans, and Sandy MacMillan are world Soling champions for the second time in three years. But back then, they were just three more hotshot kids with a suddenly becalmed sailing dream. On the drive back in the battered 1969 van that had been their home for most of that first full-time racing season, they split a case of beer and assessed the damage.

When they'd pooled their life savings at the end of their last year at Dalhousie University to buy and equip their \$8,000 Soling racing yacht, the goal was simple—to make the Canadian team for the 1976 Summer Olympics. But they quickly discovered that outdistancing the world's best sailors was a lot tougher than beating out the local Sunday-afternoon club racers in St. Margaret's Bay. In their first season away from home, they didn't win a single regatta. Worse, they often finished embarrassingly near the back of the pack. Twentieth out of 40 boats at the North American Soling championships in Milwaukee, then 34th in a field of 60

in Kingston.

"We'd already put \$15,000 of our own money into the thing to that point," Glen Dexter remembers, "and we had nothing to show for it. When you see 30-odd boats finish ahead of you, it gives you a pretty terrible feeling, I can tell you." Should they chuck the whole idea as a lost cause, be thankful for the adventure they'd had, and start putting their hard-earned university degrees (Dexter in math and physics, Josenhans in phys-ed, and MacMillan in commerce) to work? Or should they hang in for another year and hope they could turn things around?

"I think the feeling was about 60% in favor of sticking it out," Dexter says, "but we all had mixed feelings. Then one of the guys—I won't say which one—put it in perspective. He said, 'We're probably going to spend most of our lives doing mundane things and working at some nine-to-five job, but right now, we have a chance to do something special, something we'll remember forever if we're successful.'"

There was just one regatta left in the 1974 season and they decided not to make a final decision until after that. They finished a respectable fifth in the event and happily agreed to shelve their

plans for regular careers.

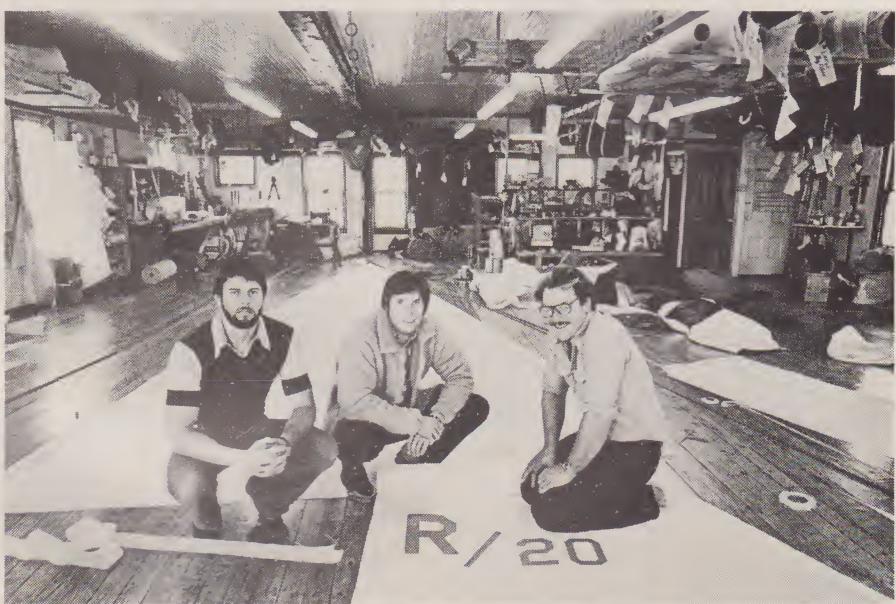
Solings are highly demanding, three-person, racing machines, and winning in them requires a unique combination of strategic sailing smarts, physical strength and stamina, incredibly precise teamwork, and not a small dose of good luck. In '75, Dexter, Josenhans and MacMillan put all the elements together. (MacMillan, incidentally, was little more than a novice at yacht racing when he hooked up with the other two but they'd been around racing most of their lives.) They gave up booze, threw themselves into weight-lifting and running, and sailed, sailed, sailed. Between March, 1975, and the choosing of the Canadian Olympic squad in the late spring of '76, they sailed no fewer than 350 days.

Though they did earn the right to represent Canada in the 1976 Olympics, the Games themselves were a bitter disappointment. They finished eighth. "The Olympic trials were a tremendous strain," Dexter allows. "The pressure was really intense and we'd gotten ourselves so up to get into the Olympics that, after we did, we just couldn't seem to get ourselves psyched up for the real thing." Convinced that they were far better than their Olympic placing, they agreed to stick it out for another four years. This time, however, the goal would be more precise: *Winning Olympic Gold at Moscow in 1980.*

Although they captured the world Soling championships in both 1977 and 1979, they won't be going to Moscow this year. Under the scoring system set up to pick the Olympic sailing competitors, two bad finishes in qualifying regattas prior to this winter's world championship in Puerto Rico eliminated them from contention. The problem, quite simply, was that they found their energies divided between the heavy demands of racing and the new pressures of trying to run Sable Sailmakers, the Lunenburg sail-making company they started in 1978. "When we were at home we worried about not being ready for races," MacMillan remembers. "And when we were away, we worried ourselves sick about the business. It was really tough."

Puerto Rico may have been their last regatta together. "We knew it was really unlikely by then that we could do well enough to go to the Olympics," MacMillan says, "so we just decided to go out and race our own race and have fun. There was no point in getting upset."

The victory in the world's took the sting out of failing to achieve their



MacMillan, Dexter, Josenhans: Now, business calls

Olympic goal. "For me," Josenhans insists, "the disappointment was very minimal. All of us have gained from being together and living together and working together for the past six years. And, who knows? In 1984 or some such year, maybe all of us or one of us or some combination will be able to take what we've learned and put it together to be absolutely unbeatable in another Olympics."

Josenhans, 29, is already a world champion in Star-class racing, another Olympic category, and he has no intention of dropping out of competition now. MacMillan, 27, also expects to find "other challenges, other possibilities." Dexter, 27, will go back to Dalhousie law school this fall—he'd taken a year off to help get the business going and also be free for the Olympics—and he says that, for him, "it's time to go on to something else. This has been a fantastic, incredible experience and I wouldn't have traded it for anything. But, you know, it cost us, too. We lost time from our careers, we lost in real money. [Though government grants helped out with about 75% of their \$40,000 annual sailing expenses, they had to make up the rest out of savings.] We lost in terms of a sensible lifestyle. Even last year, with the business just getting started, we were still away for

three or four months. I guess I've reached the point where I'd like to settle down to regular living."

But whatever future directions they take, it's now sweetly clear that whoever said in 1974 that they had the chance to do "something special" was absolutely right. They'll remember the years together, and so will a lot of other people.

—Stephen Kimber

A new champeen at tough trivia

The crowded tavern was strangely quiet, its usual steady buzz now just a few behind-the-hand whispers. This was the key moment. Barry Beazley had closed to within three points of Kevin Patriquin and the next few questions would decide the winner of the Lion's Head Sports Trivia Contest in north-end Halifax. In the end, Patriquin, a 20-year-old Dalhousie University political science student, pulled ahead to win 70-57. Between them, Patriquin and Beazley, 29, a soft-drink machine operator, answered correctly 76 of the 100 baseball, football and hockey questions. There were no softies. Beazley

knew which ex-Baltimore outfielder was the only player to get caught stealing twice in one inning (Don Baylor). Patriquin had no trouble rhyming off the names of the players Los Angeles gave up to acquire Roggie Vachon (Doug Robinson, Noel Price, Denis DeJordy, Dale Hoganson).

For Patriquin, who won three earlier matches to reach the finals, the victory capped a 12-year sports trivia career that started back in Grade 3. "I always knew the hockey scores from the night before," he says. He used his mid-term university break to advantage: Home in Louisdale, Cape Breton, he boned up on football statistics, his admitted weakness.

The Lion's Head contest was the brainchild of manager Chris Draper and Wally McCarthy, a sports buff who had been forced by asthma to give up his Post Office job. Draper wanted to increase sales on Saturday afternoon, and to win a sports reputation for his tavern. He succeeded. Crowds during the 13-week contest averaged more than 100, a fourfold increase in patronage. In all, McCarthy laboriously prepared nearly 1,400 questions and answers and acted as scorekeeper for the well-run contests. Now, Draper and McCarthy are planning their next round. Trivia anyone?

—Harry Flemming

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Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

May — The Greatest Little Traveling Supershows for Young People: Dance, Puppet Shows, Music, May 12, Perth-Andover; May 13, St. Stephen/St. Andrews; May 14, Saint John; May 15, Oromocto; May 16, Chatham/Newcastle; May 17, Caraquet; May 19, Cap-Pelé; May 20, Sackville

May 1, 2 — "The Lost Fairy Tale." In English May 1, in French May 2, Université de Moncton

April 1-31 — Graduate Students Exhibit, Mount Allison University, Sackville

May 2, 3 — Spring Square Dance Festival, Fredericton

May 4-11 — Arts and Crafts Gift Show, La Fine Grotte, Nigadoo

May 5 — Older Ways: Traditional Nova Scotian Craftsmen, by photographer Peter Barss, St. Martins

May 15-17 — Atlantic Dance Theatre, Mathieu Martin School, Dieppe

May 18 — Loyalist Day, Saint

John

May 19 — Victoria Day Invitational Race, Fredericton Raceway

May 22-25 — Cathedral Festival of the Arts, Fredericton

May 25 — Puk Puppet Theatre Company from Japan, Université de Moncton

May 26-June 14 — Patrick Lansley: Sketches and Collages, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

May 26-June 14 — Oiseaux de tous plumages, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

May 28-31 — Shiretown Festival '80, Dorchester

May 30, 31 — Maritime Band Festival, Moncton

May 31 — Subway Painting, Moncton

lottetown

May 1-17 — Patricia Moore: Paintings and Watercolors, Great George St. Gallery, Charlottetown

May 7-June 1 — Toys: An exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

May 20-June 7 — Jack Werner: Photographs, Great George St. Gallery

May 28-June 22 — Artisan '78, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

NOVA SCOTIA

May — The Greatest Little Traveling Supershows for Young People, May 23, New Glasgow; May 24, Middle Musquodoboit; May 26, Yarmouth; May 27, Liverpool; May 28, Truro; May 29, Antigonish; May 30, Port Hawkesbury; May 31, Sydney

May 1 — Neptune Theatre presents "Butterflies Are Free," Savoy Theatre, Glace Bay

May 1-3 — Gilbert & Sullivan Society presents "The Mikado," St. Patrick's High School, Halifax

May 1-11 — Exhibit of works by Valley artists, Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

May — The Greatest Little Traveling Supershows for Young People, May 21, Elmsdale; May 22, Charlottetown

May 1-4 — Roger Savage: Twenty years retrospective exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

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PROV. CODE

May 2, 3 — Jeanne Robertson Dance Project, Sir James Dunn Theatre, Halifax

May 5, 6 — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

May 6, 7 — ApEx '80 Atlantic provinces restaurants, hotel/motel show,

May 7-25 — Survival Atlantic Style: Work by 16 regional artists, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

May 10, 11 — Johnny Miles Marathon, Pictou Co.

May 11 — Nova Music Ensemble, Dalhousie Arts Centre

May 16 — 375th Anniversary Founding of Port Royal, Halifax

May 17, 18 — John Allan Cameron, Savoy Theatre, Glace Bay

May 22-24 — Ten-year Reunion, J.L. Ilsley High School, Halifax

May 23-24 — International Square Dance Exchange, Yarmouth

May 29-June 2 — Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival, throughout the Annapolis Valley

May 31 — Kermesse: Crafts, baked goods, art work, children's activities, Saint Mary's University, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

May — Canadian Brass, Arts and Culture Centre, May 5, Stephenville; May 6, Corner Brook; May 8, Grand Falls; May 9, Gander; May 11, St. John's

May — Mercey Brothers: Singing Group, Arts and Culture Centre, May 2, Stephenville; May 4, Corner Brook; May 5, Grand Falls; May 6, Gander; May 8, St. John's

May 1-14 — Matworks: Traditional Nfld. floor covering, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

May 1-15 — David Diamond: Work in oil, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

May 1-15 — Christopher Pratt: Recent prints, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

May 1-15 — Patrick Landsley: Drawings and Collages, Gander

May 1-31 — Inuit Whaling Prints and Karoo Ashevak Sculpture, Happy Valley

May 2-4 — Nfld. Aquarena Aquatic Club, Invitational, St. John's

May 7 — Bicycle Touring: Thorneburn Road and Windsor Lake, St. John's

May 14 — Harness Racing, St. John's Trotting Park, Goulds

May 22-24 — Nfld. Kennel Club All-Breed Show, Corner Brook

May 24, 25 — Trans-Canada Highway Rugby Tournament, Torbay

May 28 — Newfoundland Symphony presents "Musical Journey," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

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First you go to this Victorian lodge in Milltown, N.B. Then, you see the chef. Then, you ask for The Bed. It's notorious By Colleen Thompson

The Bed faces the fireplace in the left-hand, front bedroom, second floor, of Auberge Elm Lodge in Milltown, N.B. Its mahogany posts and golden canopies have sheltered the bodies and enclosed the dreams of assorted Canadian theatrical luminaries. Indeed, the ancient fourposter is so popular among actors and actresses that, when Theatre New Brunswick is on tour, some insist that rights to The Bed be included in their contracts.

Honeymooners gravitate to The Bed's luscious contours and the solitary settle beneath its coverlets in singular but royal bliss. Although one notorious travelling Lothario swears he's never spent a night in The Bed in any arms but those of Morpheus because it's just "too intimidating," a professor we know insists that the master bedroom at the Elm Lodge is a sure-fire cure for even the worst cases of marital weariness.

Proprietor Allen Phillip's says The Bed was rescued from a barn in Como, Que., and that its first owner was Montreal department-store tycoon Harry Morgan. Pat Garbutt, former owner of the Lodge, bought The Bed specially for the Lodge's master bedroom. Now, travellers regularly sing its charms in print. (*Fodor's Canada* mentions it, for instance, and Norman Simpson, author of *Country Inns and Back Roads*, calls it "my fourposter.")

So I wanted to write a Food article not just on breakfast in bed but on breakfast in The Bed. With photographer Stephen Homer and, as models, writer Kent Thompson and his wife Michael, I descended on the Auberge Elm Lodge.

Darkness had fallen. The shutters on the Victorian face of the 120-year-old building gleamed in the light of coach lamps. Allen Phillip's led us into a cosy dining room where, beside a blazing hearth, we downed gargantuan servings of steak and seafood. Later, in the drawing room, we had cream-topped trifle. Phillip's, 24, thinks he may be the youngest innkeeper in North America. He kept ducking out to check on his other interests. He's the local manager of Sam the Record Man, part owner of a bakery, and has fingers in other pies as well. He's so busy people sometimes

call him New Brunswick's "next Beaverbrook," a description that doesn't bother him one bit.

The after-dinner talk inevitably turns to The Bed. Chef Don Watson remembers staff waiting for a honeymoon couple who, due to various mishaps, didn't arrive till 2:30 a.m. The Lodge met them with chilled glasses and iced champagne and, when they finally wended their way to the fourposter, they were still repeating, "I don't believe this."

We viewed The Bed—it was suitably impressive—and turned it over to the Thompsons. The next morning, armed with cameras and pencils, we returned to the master bedroom. The Thompsons



First, a midnight "snack"

Brush with lemon butter, keep warm. Place remaining ingredients in kipper water and poach. Remove and sauté in lemon butter in pan. Mound the seafood in the centre of a platter and cover with Newburg sauce (recipe follows). Arrange kippers around edge of platter. Serves 6.

Newburg Sauce

1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
1 cup light cream
½ tsp. salt
dash of pepper
dash of paprika
3 egg yolks
¼ cup sherry (optional)

Melt butter in top of a double boiler. Blend in flour and cream. Stir until thickened. Add seasonings. When almost ready to use, beat egg yolks with fork and mix with sherry. Add to the



Come morning, a breakfast to end all breakfasts

had disappeared. The new dwellers of The Bed were a rascal named Lord Winterbottom and his friend, the demure Dolly. Mindful of the Lodge's tradition of hospitality, they asked us to share the breakfast feast they had cajoled from the kitchen. As we munched our way through mounds of omelette and creamed seafood, we knew that, once again, The Bed had worked its magic.

Chef Watson's Creamed Seafood and Kippers à la Winterbottom

6 kippers
lemon butter
½ cup each shrimp, scallops, pieces of halibut and haddock

Place kippers in boiling water to which some lemon juice has been added and allow to boil about 5 minutes. Strain and rinse kippers. Bring to boil again in same way, strain and rinse.

mixture in saucepan. You can also add a few pieces of lobster if you wish.

Omelette Auberge

6 eggs, separated
½ tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
4 tbsp. milk
2 tbsp. butter
3 tbsp. chopped onion
3 tbsp. chopped green pepper
½ cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup chopped ham
2 tbsp. crumbled cooked bacon

Beat egg yolks, add salt, pepper, milk. Beat whites until stiff but not dry and fold into yolks. Heat butter in frying pan. Add onions, pepper, mushrooms, ham and sauté lightly. Add bacon bits and egg mixture. Cook over low heat, lifting occasionally with spatula to let uncooked portion run down. When brown, fold and serve. Serves 6. ☒



Small Towns

Placentia, Nfld.

It's been home to Basque privateers and an English king who sired a line of Newfoundland "royalty." Its own sons have followed the lure of American air bases and, now, of offshore oil. But always this outport fishery "is tied directly into the cycle of the earth's life, and partakes of its lasting qualities"

By Harold Horwood

If you take the Argentia ferry from North Sydney (it runs only in summer) you land at a place where there's nothing to see but a row of freight sheds. For Argentia is a relic of the Second World War. Once a great naval base, it fought the Battle of the Atlantic, hung on through the Cold War, and then quietly expired. But five miles over the hill from this forsaken spot is Placentia, the former French capital of Newfoundland.

Where else will you see a church founded by a notorious rake who later became King of England? A fort built by French stonemasons half a century before Louisbourg? A memorial erected in the time of Frontenac to a Basque privateer? But Placentia is no mere cluster of historic sites. It's a compact, sea-level town at the junction of two fiord-like arms of the sea, each with a salmon river cascading out of the interior. It has harbor space for hundreds of ships, and a beach that early navigators called the finest in the world.

The Basques chose it, almost 500 years ago, as their principal New World fishing station, and named it for their own Placentia, a village in a fold of the Pyrenees. As you drop down into the valley of the two rivers (Northeast and Southeast) you come first to Jersey Side where Channel Islanders established fishing rooms before Cartier discovered Canada. A handful of houses cling to the shoreline of Northeast Arm, looking over the Gut to the main town. Through the Gut the tides sweep out and in, piling sandbanks on both



Greg Power, the "Gregseggs" man



"The RC Church"

shores. Engineers looked at it for centuries and shook their heads. Until the bridge was built in 1960, you could cross the Gut by ferry if ice didn't interfere. Otherwise, 20 miles of road running through forests and past small farms separated Jersey Side from Placentia.

The forests and farms helped create the town: The two river valleys yielded good ship timbers; the two arms made them easy to transport; the fertile land was sheltered from blighting northerly winds. When the French fortified the town in 1662 they set up farms and shipyards that flourished for centuries.

Three hundred years after the French cleared the land, Newfoundland's first millionaire farmer, Greg Power (a minister in the Smallwood government), introduced mass-market poultry production to the province, starting on his family farm at Northeast Arm. Newfoundland remembers Power not for his achievements as minister of Finance or chairman of the Board of Liquor Control, but for introducing the ubiquitous "Gregseggs" to the island's bar rooms. A Gregseggs is pickled and eaten as a grog-bit. For many years

a jar of them stood beside every cash register where liquor was sold. But they were not the first Placentia product to take Newfoundland by storm. The Placentia Giants did that in the last century.

The six Placentia Giants—relatives of Greg Power—were fishermen, handy with an oar. In 1877 they built themselves a boat to enter the already-famous St. John's regatta. They called their boat the *Contest* and they carried it along the 70-mile cart track that connected Placentia to the colonial capital, where they won both the fishermen's race and the annual championship. Then they walked home, leaving their legend behind them.

"There was a game," Power told me, "where they'd line up puncheon tubs edge to edge along the wharf and make standing jumps from one tub to another." It helped to be around six-foot-six, but you had to have exceptional leg muscles too. Power had those. He went to the British Empire Games in 1930 where he set a hop-step-and-jump record.



Della O'Leary: An armful of spring



Tom Murphy: The master model-builder

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Pegasus. Lavish in the royal manner, he not only ordered the church built, but donated £ 50 for its construction, and endowed it with a handsome communion service. But he left behind him a more lasting memorial in the form of a long line of Fitz-Williamses, fathered on a long line of mistresses. The Prince, a roistering 22-year-old bachelor with no superior officer nearer than St. John's, kept at least one wife in every outport. His mistresses' elder sons entered the Navy as cadets and rose to become officers. I've heard many a Newfoundlander boast of "royal blood" which invariably turns out to be that of Prince William.

His church soon fell on evil days. A few "principal inhabitants" (merchants) who professed the King's religion kept demanding a clergyman to go with the church. An Anglican missionary was stationed there from 1790 to 1799, making voyages as far west as Fortune Bay, where he found the fishermen living "in lamentable ignorance and darkness." Then he returned to St. John's, the church fell

vacant, and Placentia returned to original sin. By the time the next Protestant divine arrived, the whole population had sunk into a state of hopeless Catholicism.

The churchyard is much older than the church. One of its headstones, dated 1752 and beautifully preserved, is decorated with a skull and crossbones. Basque stones go back to 1676.

The memorial to Johannes Svigaraichipi, which once covered a crypt, now rests in a glass case on Castle Hill. This Basque privateer, commissioned by Louis XIV, captured 100 British ships, including the 100-gun ship-of-the-line *Princess*, a feat for which the king decorated him. He died in action in 1694, probably in the unsuccessful attack on Ferryland carried out by six ships from Placentia that year, and was buried by the Franciscans in what later became the Anglican churchyard.

Though Basques, Portuguese and French all used Placentia as a fishing station from the early 16th century, it was not officially colonized until 1662, when the forts were built and garrisoned. A few hundred soldiers, a few hundred settlers, a governor and two or three priests occupied the town in winter. In summer the

population was swollen by 15,000 fishermen from Europe—mainly Normans, Bretons and Basques. The demand for waterfront space was so great that each ship was limited to a strip of beach the length of her yard-arm. You can still see the piles of stones that marked off these fishing rooms.

English settlers were welcome, provided they professed the Catholic faith. Most of the "English" were actually Irish. One chronicler of the colonial wars reported that the entire Irish population of Newfoundland had deserted their English employers and gone off to join the French. To attract colonists, the French offered a government subsidy, including clothing and fishing gear for the first three years. By 1670 English visitors were reporting "great stores of cattle and sheep." An Irish merchant who visited Placentia in 1676 reported 250 families living there.

The Placentia valleys were the first successful agricultural settlement in Newfoundland. Two hundred and fifty years after the land was first worked, Greg Power (who, along with all his other talents, is a poet) wrote of the



Jersey Side: Basques were here before Cartier

Except for the massive Catholic church, Placentia has no notable buildings, but near the centre of town you'll find a little church with a forsaken air and no architectural pretensions. Its churchyard is probably the oldest occupied church site in Canada. For though the church itself dates only from 1787, it was built on the site of an earlier one founded by the French in 1650, and that, in turn, was built on a plot where the Portuguese had their first Newfoundland church in 1549. That year a priest came out with the Basque fishing fleet to stay at Placentia for the season. Priests probably came out each year to minister to the 6,000 Iberian fishermen who spent eight or nine months in Newfoundland, leaving home in March and returning in December.

The early fishery flourished at Placentia until an English privateer, Sir Bernard Drake, arrived in 1585 and carried off 600 Basques as hostages for English prisoners who had fallen into the hands of the Spanish Inquisition.

The English church dates from the visit of Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV and uncle of Queen Victoria, who came to Newfoundland as captain of HMS

Small Towns

remains of this early agriculture in his widely-published "Bogwood":

*The year we ploughed the river
field we found
Deep in the muck the warped and
blackened bones
Of ancient trees, and most of them
were sound,
Though every bit as heavy as
the stones....*

Those trees, abandoned by the first French settlers, became firewood for a 20th-century farm.

The French period is well represent-

ed at Castle Hill, with its restored forts overlooking the town, and a curious information centre built into the side of the mountain, an almost cave-like structure with grass and shrubs growing over its roof. The walls of Fort Royal, as it was called, were almost 18 feet thick, impervious to bombardment by ships of the period. Its guns could sink anything approaching the Gut. From Castle Hill, Placentia looks like a scale model of a town. No wonder warships never attacked it successfully. (Though pirates managed to sneak past the

defences five times, and carry off everything movable.)

When the wars of William of Orange began, the French sallied out of Placentia and destroyed all the English settlements in Newfoundland. The English replied by burning every French fishing room north of Cape Race. In the years between 1696 and 1709 St. John's was destroyed and rebuilt three times. Placentia was the only town in Newfoundland that escaped the torch. With the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), it passed into English hands once and for all.

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Queen Anne, in return for the release of Protestant French galley slaves, ordered that the French at Placentia were not to be evicted from their lands. Those who chose to leave were permitted to sell their property to new settlers. Most did. A few remained, and quietly "turned English." England inherited the French shipyards along with forts and farms. She sent out shipwrights from Ireland and West Country ports to work them. One, John Phillips, was a rascally rogue from Poole. Finding himself unemployed at Placentia in 1723, he tried his hand at fishing. But he didn't like the trade and finally settled on piracy.

Phillips and four companions stole a ship, put to sea, recruited more pirates from captured fishing ships, and terrorized the western Atlantic for eight months. They captured 33 vessels, including a sloop-of-war. A mutiny among captured men put an end to Phillips. His head was pickled and taken to Boston to be exhibited at dockside. The surviving pirates were hanged.

Phillips happened to be at Placentia in a bad year. As a rule, the shipyards were busy, and down to the end of the 19th century some of Newfoundland's greatest shipbuilders worked there. Then, as steel steamers replaced the sailing vessels, the shipyards fell to building trapskiffs. When I first visited Placentia in 1938, not a keel was laid anywhere along the two great arms.

During the Second World War, former shipbuilders flocked to the American bases to work as carpenters. Placentia was all but submerged by Argentia's Fort McAndrew, and overawed when Churchill and Roosevelt chose it for one of their meetings. The town may be the only place where the document issued by those two worthies—the Atlantic Charter, guaranteeing the Four Freedoms to everyone on earth—is still remembered. When the war ended, the base became the anchor for the Atlantic Picket radar screen—a 24-hour airborne watch for a Russian

invasion. That fantasy burnt up enough fuel to keep Air Canada flying for 20 years.

Modern technology made the American bases obsolete and they were abandoned. It made little difference. No one grew rich while the bases were open, and no one starved when they closed. Surrounded now by Kentucky Fried Chicken, Golden Eagle Gas, and Molson's Canadian, Placentia remains the centre of one of the most charming regions of the province. It's flanked by the fishing villages of Fox Harbour and Point Verde. The beautiful Cape Shore, with its string of Irish hamlets boasts such golden-tongued storytellers as are found nowhere else in the western hemisphere. From here came Newfoundland's most haunting song, Otto Kelland's "Let Me Fish off Cape St. Mary's." The contemporary poet Des Walsh also comes from Placentia, and among the images of his private apocalypse, here and there is an archetype from his childhood:

*The tides have stopped now
each day when I reach the shore
I see more boats
have been abandoned
let drift on the water
bobbing drunkenly
their bows slapping the ocean
their only purpose now
the harbouring of starving flies
trying to feed on the rotting fish
scales.*

So it seemed when Walsh was a boy. But in the end the words that Kelland wrote a quarter of a century earlier have proven prophetic:

*Take me back to my Western boat,
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's
Where the hagdowns sail
And the foghorns wail
With my friends the Browns and
the Clearys
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's.*

Since the American theory that all the world was going to live on steak exploded, Placentia is again the service centre for a widespread, prosperous fishery. During the offshore oil boom, men may rush away to the drilling rigs as they once rushed to the bases. But they will return. For the outport, with its fishery, is tied directly into the cycle of the earth's life, and partakes of its lasting qualities. The scramble for fossil fuels may be no more than a passing phase, but the caplin will return to spawn on the beaches, and the cod will follow the squid toward shore, so long as the ocean currents maintain their courses, and the seabottom remains unaltered by the drift of the geologic ages.



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With a sensitive eye, special filters and a clever husband in the darkroom, Judy Saunders of Woodstock, N.B., takes instantly "old" slides

When Michael Saunders went to Kings Landing to photograph a wedding, his wife, Judy, took her camera along, too. She considers herself more a painter than a photographer but she's worked in their Woodstock, N.B., photography studio for 12 years. She likes "mood scenes" and Kings Landing, a re-created historical settlement, was a promising setting: Like the wedding couple, families live and work in the village, and dress in 1850s costumes. While Michael clicked away, taking conventional wedding shots, she tried something new or, rather, something old. To copy the look of early color transparencies—introduced about 1912 and now considered primitive—she used sophisticated techniques and equipment. She likes "old things" and was pleased that her slides looked "very old."

Long before the Kings Landing wedding, Judy had read about, and experimented on, early color techniques. She and Michael collect old cameras and photos, and she studied some of the pictures to decide the effect she wanted. Kings Landing, however, was her first real test, and it worked beautifully. Although the project involved "my hand and my idea," she says, Michael was the technical whiz and "knew how to get the effect."

None of their old cameras could catch the look she wanted. Besides, the old color film, Autochrome—it produced hazy images in pinkish tones—has vanished. She used an Olympus, and Ektachrome film, rated at ASA 400 (ASA is a standard rating of a film's sensitivity to light) but pushed to ASA 1600 for a grainy effect. Her two filters didn't fit so she taped them to-

gether. The mist-maker, a bubbly filter, made everything look soft, and the other filter lent a magenta tone to the slides. Michael processed the film himself but any competent photo lab, if given the ASA rating, could easily have done the job.

Judy, 36, stays out of the darkroom. She's a nurse who, until she married Michael in '67, knew little about photography. She started to help him in the studio. Then, she did weddings, passport photos, "the ordinary things to make a living." For pleasure, she photographs her children, Michelle, 11, and Andrew, 4, and scenes of trees, flowers and old buildings. She's always on the prowl for scenes that she can photograph and, later, turn into paintings. "I shoot for my paintings," she says, "more than to try to sell."

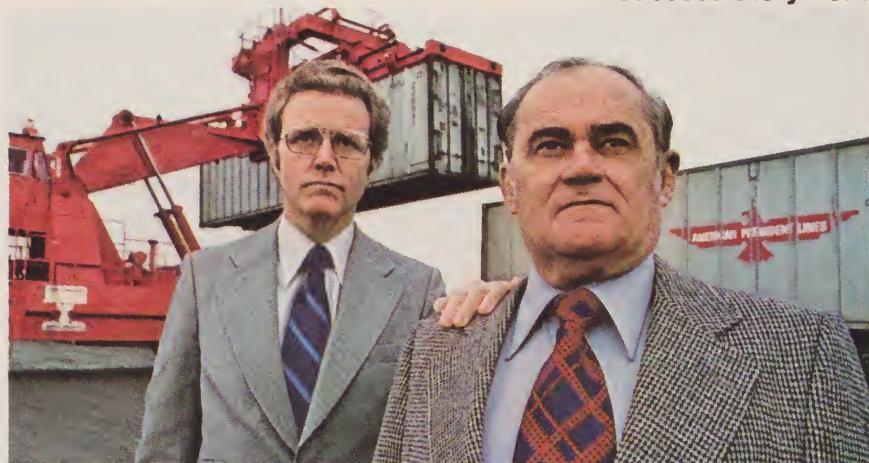
Her favorite photographs from the Kings Landing jaunt were snapped during dark, rainy spells. They appear softer than the shots she took in bright sunshine. She was careful to keep the droves of tourists out of her viewfinder. They just didn't fit in. They belonged to the wrong century. ☒





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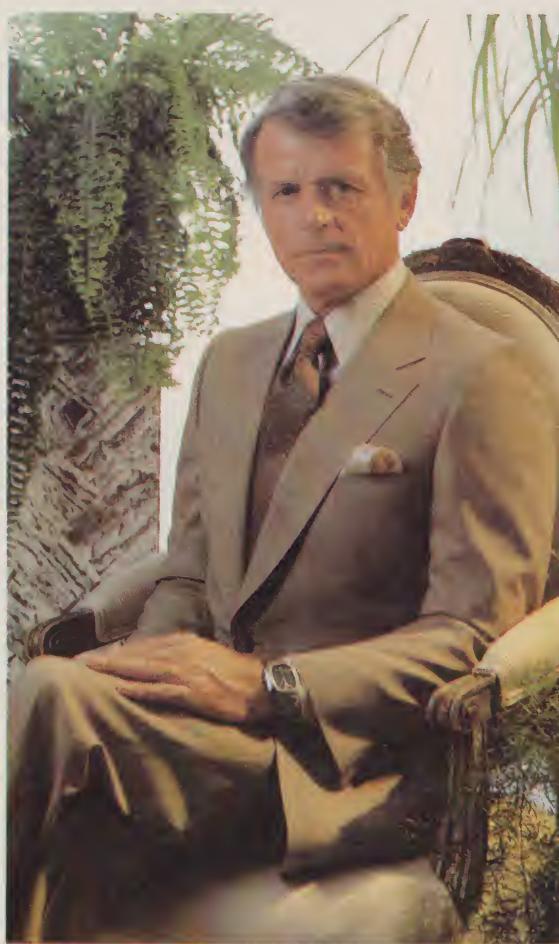
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Science

The sea's bounty: Cheese, cattle feed, smelly lunch

Thanks, maybe, to Memorial U.'s Norm Haard. He's Atlantic Canada's "outstanding scientist" of '79

Norm Haard's biochemistry graduate students have been cooking up squid chips for lunch—slices of dried squid heated in a microwave oven. The laboratory smells awful. That's one of the fringe benefits of being a food scientist. Lunch, that is. No one working in the lab seems to notice the smell.

The squid are there because Haard has a contract with Fisheries and Oceans Canada to figure out why sun-dried squid taste so much better than machine-dried squid. When he came to Memorial University of Newfoundland four years ago—to escape the traffic jams and smog inversions of New Jersey—Haard was

studying fruits and vegetables, potatoes mainly. About a year and a half ago he "decided to go marine." Hence squid chips.

"For my own motivation, it doesn't matter whether I'm working on fish or cows or tomatoes," Haard says over a clutter of papers. "Academic questions are important, but relevance plays a big part in my philosophy. I like to see some practical end to this research." His peers on an inter-university sciences committee like his motivation, too. They recently named him the Atlantic provinces' outstanding scientist of 1979.

Atlantic Canada can be thankful Haard came to where the fish are. However old and healthy the fishery is, the processing end of the industry is primitive compared to the processing of other foods, and the fishery will only grow as more fish can be sold. Haard studies the biochemistry behind the processing technology—what makes fish or beef or tomatoes decay, or not decay, under various conditions. His first marine project was to see how Atlantic cod and herring fared in a relatively new technique for storing food. Hypobaric storage—a low-pressure vacuum chamber freshened by a continuous flow of air—is already in commercial use in the U.S. The idea is to maintain a very low oxygen level in the storage unit, to put the food in a kind of no man's land between the bacteria that need oxygen to breed and those that grow without air. Combined with refrigeration, hypobaric storage can keep bananas for years, extend the shelf-life of meats a month or more. The results with fish weren't nearly so spectacular: Cod stayed in top shape only an extra three to four days, was still edible in eight to 10 days. (Herring, being oily, held up less well.)

"I was a little discouraged," Haard says, "but it turns out three days means an awful lot when you're dealing with fresh fish." More reliable than ice packs, hypobaric units could help extend fishing trips. Some entrepreneurs have inquired about building small chambers to mount on tracks to haul fish to Toronto. What's holding back

the technique for now is cost: Hypobaric chambers are several times more expensive to build than ordinary refrigerators.

Squid presented a different kind of problem. Squid went from being bait to a high-priced food catch here when Canada's 200-mile limit stopped Asian and European boats from supplying their own markets. Sun-dried squid tastes best, but that process takes three days and a run of bad weather can ruin an entire catch. Machine-drying is possible, but it affects the flavor, texture and appearance. Haard has been trying to discover what role the sun plays, why the nightly stacking and cooling is important, and how a machine might better imitate the natural agents.

Working with marine food has taken him into a whole new area of research. He calls it "useful enzymes in the marine environment." Enzymes (naturally occurring catalysts) are a standard part of the food industry, a big business in themselves, but research so far has concentrated on enzymes that remain stable at high temperatures and hold up after cooking. "I'm saying there may be advantages at the other end," Haard says. Some food processing requires cooler temperatures. One of his graduate students, Kazzi Chamsuziman, found one case during the last sealing season. He used a digestive enzyme from a whitecoat's stomach to make cheese, instead of using rennet (from a calf's stomach), the traditional agent for clotting and separating curds from whey. "We made a batch of cheddar cheese, aged it three months, and it was a nice cheese—softer than real cheddar, but a good flavor," says Haard. It was softer because the seal enzyme keeps working, breaking down the milk protein, at a somewhat higher temperature than true rennet. But calf's rennet is becoming scarce and expensive, so all those seal stomachs left on the ice each spring could be valuable.

Haard's latest project is to coordinate an interdepartmental effort to turn fish waste into high-protein livestock feed. Fish plants now dump about half their cod offal (the rest goes to fish meal) while Newfoundland farmers import hay and grain at tremendous cost. There should be more and more food ideas coming out of Memorial in the future. Haard has recently launched the first food-science program for undergraduates in the Atlantic provinces. He'd like to see it specialize in marine food science, which would make it unique in Canada. The lunch possibilities are endless.

—Amy Zierler



Haard: Anyone for dried squid?



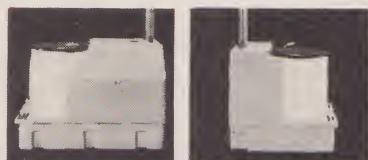
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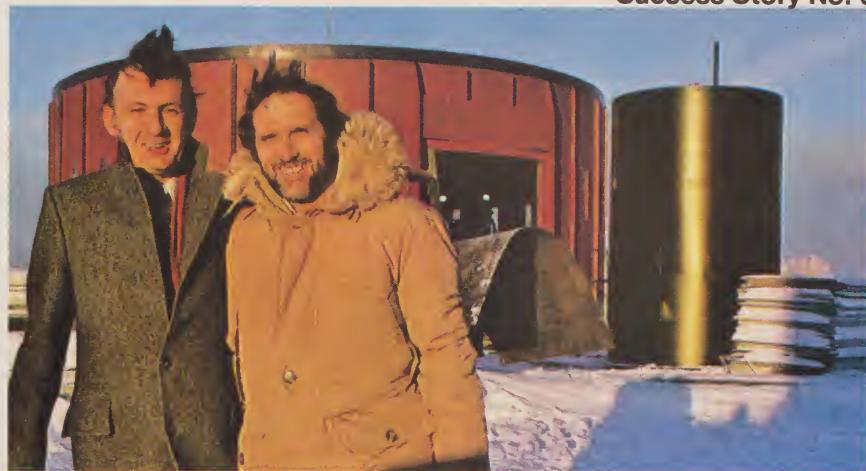
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Show Business

A scrawny, scrappy, hard-up, beat-up, brawling kid with a cheap guitar and a taste for booze, he hungered after "a full belly, a big car, fame." In the end, he won them all. He's 66 now. Nova Scotia's gift to Nashville, he is

Hank Snow, country singer



PHOTO BY STEPHEN STICKLER

By John Porteous

At a glittering Toronto happening, the prime minister is handing a coveted Juno Award to Hank Snow. Trudeau eyes the camera uneasily. His face seems to be asking, "Who the hell is Hank Snow?" But this is Snow's night, not his, and Snow knows it. In the deep, gravelly voice that's sent millions rushing to record stores with cash in hand, Snow booms, "Thank you, Mr. Prime Minister." He grasps the award, moves firmly in front of Trudeau. As the singer's acceptance speech gushes forth, the prime minister looks like a man lost in a forest. Someone gently leads him offstage.

Clarence Eugene Snow hasn't meant to offend him. It's just a matter of habit. The cocky Nova Scotian, who now stands at the zenith of country music, has been pushing his wiry frame onto centre stage almost all his life. His childhood was brutally hard, and the industry in which he has made his mark

is more ferocious than it is folksy. "Hank Snow," a Toronto recording executive says, "has fought for everything he's got. When you're a fighter, you make enemies along the way."

In Atlantic Canada, it's never hard to find someone with a "personal recollection" about Hank Snow. Habitues of Halifax bars and taverns claim they remember his rough, uneducated ways, his drinking, his monstrous ego. They tell stories about how he used to return to the city in which he'd nearly starved and, just to rub his success in the noses of former cronies, he'd be driving a huge Cadillac and staying only at the best hotels. They tell the stories with a tone of amused tolerance for a buffoon who somehow made it but, at the same time, they're saying, "I knew him when..."

Whether anyone has ever known Hank Snow well is questionable. He was born in Liverpool, N.S., in 1914 and grew up in nearby Brooklyn. He was

frail, sensitive, deeply devoted to his mother. She was divorced and, when he was eight, remarried. A conflict with his stepfather, who beat him, caused him to go to sea as a cabin boy on a schooner. He was 12. Twanging away on a five-dollar guitar, he sang cowboy songs for nickels from the crew. Later, he worked as a scallop-raker, a drugstore delivery-boy. He was undernourished and dreamed of having a full belly, a big car and fame as a cowboy singer.

After driving family and friends half-crazy with his attempts to learn to yodel, young Clarence screwed up his courage, walked into CHNS, Halifax, auditioned and, that night, found himself on the air. He played guitar and tried to sing like his idol, Jimmie Rodgers. The show became a regular feature on CHNS but, in the hallowed tradition of Canadian radio, the station didn't pay him for it. He hustled Fuller brushes in Halifax slums, taught guitar to the children of parents who could

Snow at Rainbow Ranch: Souvenirs, awards, brass and plastic trophies abound

afford to give him 50 cents a week.

When the show finally got a sponsor, CHNS gave him all of \$10 a week. He promptly married Minnie Blanche Alders, a Kentville girl living near Halifax. Their only son—Jimmie Rodgers Snow—was born in the charity ward of a Salvation Army Hospital. In a curtained-off part of the little family's two-room lodgings, Snow opened a studio where he taught guitar. On a good day, he cleared enough money for food.

Meanwhile, Clarence had decided to call himself "Hank." It was, he said, "a good western-type name." He discovered he could fatten his meagre income by doing stage shows around Nova Scotia, rounded up some hungry musicians who became his first real band, got himself a battered car. The Depression still ruled the continent but Snow was sure that, one fine day, show biz would pay off. His wife encouraged him to get into recording and, after a non-committal audition offer from Hugh A. Joseph of RCA Victor, Snow packed his guitar, headed for Montreal. Joseph heard something marketable in the raw, nasal voice and, late in '36, RCA Bluebird released "Lonesome Blue Yodel" and "Prisoned Cowboy." They were far from polished, but the record was the beginning of the longest-running contract between any artist and any label in the history of the recording industry.

Snow's first hit recording was "Blue Velvet Band" in 1938. Soon he was helping fill movie houses, in the stage shows they offered along with films. Audiences were warming to what would become country and, along with fellow Maritimer Wilf Carter, Snow was already a favorite in the region. Rejected by the army after a routine physical examination in Fredericton, he spent the war at CKNB, Campbellton, N.B., and CKCW, Moncton, where he became the on-air voice of a product known as Wilson's Fly Pads.

When asked about his drinking in the Forties, Snow remembers, "I liked a bottle of beer, and then another, and then another." There were tales of car crashes, marital strife, post-show brawling. Snow was sensitive to insult and, when drinking, pugnacious. The local law sometimes had to "sort him out," but there was tolerance for a man heard on every radio station. On the other hand, he was an object of derision among certain elements in the Maritime towns where he appeared. Here, after all, was a skinny, pint-sized man who paraded around in cowboy clothes with a trained horse.

Then, in 1944, a Philadelphia song-plugger named Jack Howard persuaded him to try Pennsylvania. Snow took two weeks off his Maritime theatre circuit,

played War Bond concerts over WCAU, Philadelphia, realized that country was only beginning in the States and became hooked on the idea of a career down there. Getting it would take him more than a decade and would bleed him financially, but as early as the end of the Second World War, Hank was determined to settle in the States.

Such western singers as Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and Tex Ritter were still a different breed from Roy Acuff, the Carter family and the other country entertainers. But western and country were coming together, and there was confusion in the business. While Nashville quietly took over as the capital of both styles, Hank Snow was stumping the American west with his horse, "Shawnee," and expensive silver saddles. He kept trying to crash Hollywood but, among the mob of would-be cowboy stars, he was scarcely noticeable. Each brush with California drove him further into debt. He kept returning to Canada to cash in on his back-home popularity and build up another grub-stake. Then, it was back to cowboy country for another try at the brass ring. With classic understatement, he says, "Hollywood wasn't ready for me."

Finally, he zeroed in on Texas. In 1949, a fan named Bea Terry bulldozed a Dallas disc jockey into charting Snow's "Brand on My Heart" as the city's most popular western song of the year. Texans weren't sure about the traces of Nova Scotia in Snow's accent, but they liked the tempo of his music. It was still western. Soon, Snow appeared on a bill with Ernest Tubb, a Texan who had ridden the postwar country-and-western boom to stardom. When Tubb discovered Snow shared his devotion to the late Jimmie Rodgers, they became friends.

Tubb got him a spot on *Grand Ole Opry*. Few northerners, much less Canadians, had ever made the grade in the cliquish strata of Nashville but, on Jan. 7, 1950, Hank Snow strode onto the hallowed stage of the old Ryman Auditorium and thereby joined country's favored few. He almost blew it. He failed to wow either the Nashville audience or Opry management. Stars like Ferlin Huskey and Kitty Wells were popping up like flies. The competition was intense, and he was in danger of being dropped. Then, in the nick of time, he recorded "I'm Movin' On." An instant hit. It was number one on *Billboard Magazine's* charts for an unprecedented 49 weeks. It remained in chart action for 14 months, a record still unmatched by any composition in any field of music. The little guy from Liverpool, N.S., had finally arrived.

Although Hank Snow has recorded dozens of hit singles and has sold millions of albums, he never repeated the

staggeringly impressive performance of "I'm Movin' On." That hasn't mattered. Pop fans are so fickle they demand regular reconfirmations of an artist's talent, but devotees of country ask that their idols prove their popularity only once. The avalanche of awards that "I'm Movin' On" earned was more than enough to guarantee Hank Snow a lifetime niche in country's inner circle—and top fees for personal appearances.

He was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame last year, a supreme honor for a living performer, one that no other Canadian has known. His friends have included governors, state senators and the likes of Chet Atkins, the RCA executive and legendary guitar-



A Country Hall of Famer, at last

ist with whom Snow has recorded several albums. It's sometimes hard for Canadians to comprehend Snow's stature in Nashville. If he personally returns a call you've made to him from a hotel, the switchboard regards you with awe.

Back home, it's not the same. Early fans have stayed loyal but, for many Canadians, the enjoyment of country music is still something of a closet pleasure. People are ashamed to admit they like "hillbilly" music. (Moreover, many Maritimers see the simple fact of Making It Big as an unpardonable sin.) If Snow had won worldwide acclaim as

Show Business

a performer in virtually any other field, we'd be pressing on him Orders of Canada, and the like. But what does a nation do to honor a man named Hank who used to yodel in Legion halls?

I caught up with him at his rambling, brick bungalow in Madison, a suburb of Nashville. The peeling, white-painted archway at the entrance reads "Rainbow Ranch," but the place doesn't really live up to most people's idea of a major star's residence. Snow has added wings to the house several times, and it includes a complete studio where he's taped solo albums and singles. It was here that, late one night about a quarter-century ago, he pro-

Foundation for Prevention of Child Abuse and Neglect of Children. (Snow was himself a victim of child abuse.)

Today, he's wearing a beige, western suit, weighted down with sequins. A cluster of gold jewelry decorates his bared chest. His boots are hand-tooled beauties from Tennessee's top bootery and, combined with his erect posture, make him look almost tall. Chain-smoking Salem Lights, he says that, yes, hard drinking once caused him to "miss a few appearances." And yes, he says, he himself generated most of his bad press. Canada had been good to him. He quit drinking a decade ago, and praises his wife for her forbearance over the

Madison for years," he says. The fans just won't let him be.

He eyes the closed-circuit television monitor above his desk. It shows the electric gate at the front of the house. "The bus tours come by every 15 minutes," he explains. "So we had to install the electric gate. The fans stream out of the buses to take pictures and, if they could, they'd come flockin' right in. One day, some drunk walked right into the kitchen and scared hell out of my wife!"

Hank says that if his roots "weren't so deep in Tennessee," he'd probably move to Hawaii or Florida. But his son Jimmie is an ordained minister in Madison, and the two granddaughters are important to Hank. Jimmie was a fair singer in his teens but, perhaps for fear he'd forever stand in his father's shadow, he bolted country. Hank does not mention Jimmie's divorce and remarriage.

When the subject of the late Elvis Presley comes up, Hank scowls. He was among Presley's earliest backers, and might have expected to have made a fortune out of the Memphis rock star. It's a country legend, however, that "Colonel" Tom Parker—Presley's eventual manager—somehow outwitted Snow, and wound up with his share. Hank has occasionally threatened to tell the whole story, but his lawyers have told him to keep his mouth shut about it. We drop the subject.

It's hard to guess Snow's wealth. His style of living is fairly modest, but close friends say this just reflects the frugality he learned during the Depression. The old tour bus in his backyard would shock fans who imagine he's rolling in money, but he keeps it in such top condition it outperforms the new models that flashier stars flaunt. He no longer tours as often as he once did but, when he does, his "guarantee" is still substantial. His record royalties alone amount to tens of thousands of dollars every year.

...but record royalties alone earn big bucks

years.

Minnie Snow suffers from a fairly rare cell disease and, today, her ill health is causing him to agonize over a proposed tour of Great Britain. At 66, he himself is leathery, lined, oddly youthful-looking. He's proud he became an American citizen. He refuses to believe the producer of the movie *Nashville* cast Henry Gibson to satirize him in the role of the aging, autocratic country star. He bemoans the fact that, these days, a handful of radio stations determine hit records. He also bemoans the crossover of country into pop sounds; the rising crime rate in Nashville; the loss of his own privacy. "I haven't been able to go into a store in

Snow's lifestyle is still modest...

duced "My Nova Scotia Home." He not only wrote the song and sang it, he also played all the instrumental parts himself and worked as his own engineer. Even now, in every Toronto pub in which the band knows three chords or more, "My Nova Scotia Home" is the odds-on favorite of melancholy bluesingers.

Snow spends a lot of time these days behind a desk at Rainbow Ranch, surrounded by an enormous collection of souvenirs and awards. Many of the brass and plastic trophies and gadgets celebrate "I'm Movin' On" but others are tributes to his USO tours in Korea, his support for law and order, his formation of the Hank Snow International



LAWRENCE

Saturday night. Camper trucks and tour buses from all over the continent line the Interstate outside Nashville. They're all headed for Opryland, the glittering new home of the *Grand Ole Opry*. Prowling the backstage corridors are the biggest names in country—Roy Acuff, Grandpa Jones, Porter Wagoner, Ernest Tubb's son Justin. Hank Snow is in dressing-room 12. He's running through the numbers he and his Rainbow Ranch Boys will perform tonight.

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Show Business

await the climax of their trips to the Mecca of country. They've paid \$8.95 each for two hours of music by the biggest in the business, and they're already excited. Onstage, announcer Grant Turner acknowledges a bus tour "all the way from Calgary, Canada," and Minnie Pearl flounces onstage with her price-tagged hat and rural repartee. After her, Helen Carter and her son and daughter sing songs that the Carter family have made famous. Half a century ago, in the Virginia hills, earlier Carters helped get this whole field of musical culture rolling.

9:30 p.m. "And now—HANK SNOW!" The crowd roars. The man from Nova Scotia strides to centre-mike and, as his familiar voice intones "Ramblin' Rose," the years seem to slip away. Under the lights, his hairpiece looks natural. The lines of age are indistinct. For thousands of fans, it's once more 1952, and *real* country is still in its prime. And if Hank Snow looks and sounds as he did in those days, how can they themselves be growing old?

Later, Snow packs up, puts on a sky-blue topcoat. Kelly Foxton, 22, his newest woman singing partner, joins him for the drive back to Madison. They'll soon launch an album and, while no one mentions a "comeback," the hope of one more monster hit is still alive. His black Cadillac Eldorado awaits us in the parking lot. It's old but it's in superb shape. Hank says, "Why spend the kind of money they want for them today?"

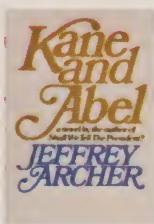
As we drive, he talks about how seldom he returns to Nova Scotia, the changes he noticed in Halifax each time he did go back, the tight security at the Opry and, again, the difficulties the fans impose on him. "They want to touch you," he says, "and turn you around to take your picture. Your life just ain't your own! But they're still the folks that made you. You just gotta' grit your teeth and take it."

A huge truck edges up beside the Cadillac in a deserted part of Nashville. Did we cut the trucker off back there at the exit ramp? Is he angry? No, it's just that he and the woman with him have recognized a genuine star of *Grand Ole Opry*. After Snow acknowledges the girl leaning out of the truck's right-hand window, the trucker moves off into the night with a cheery blast of his air horn. Soon, Hank Snow will be alone in Madison again, with the mementoes of another era; and, in the morning, the trucker will have something to tell his good buddies over coffee. "Guess who I saw last night. Hank Snow. You know, the guy that wrote 'I'm Movin' On.'"

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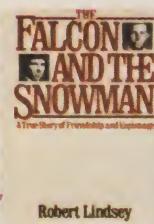
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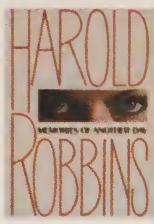
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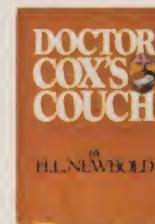
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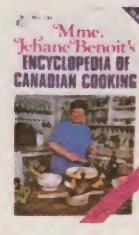
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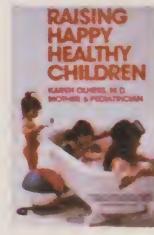
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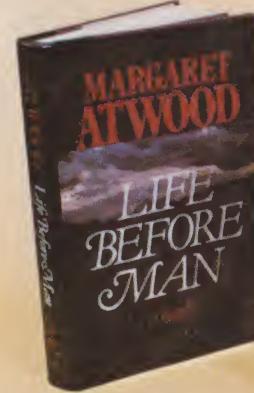
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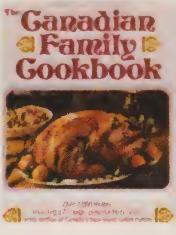
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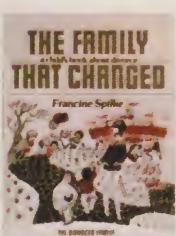
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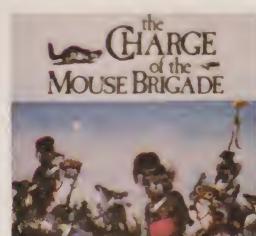
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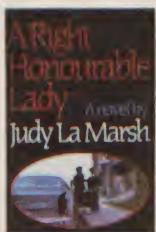
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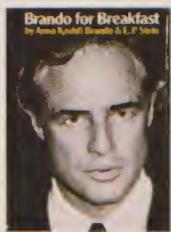
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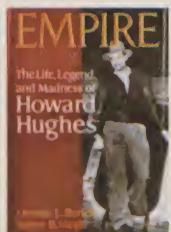
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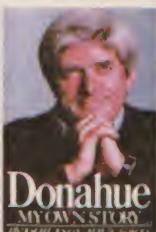
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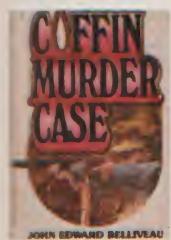
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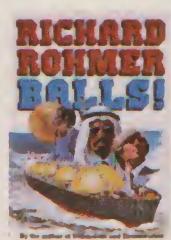
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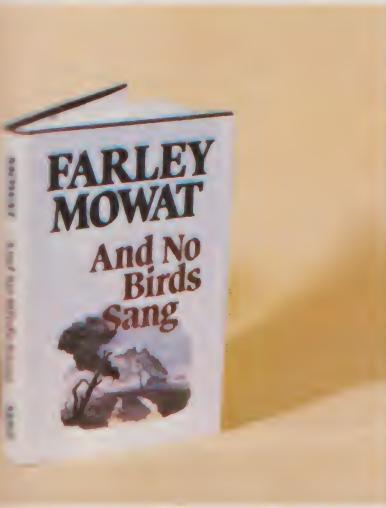
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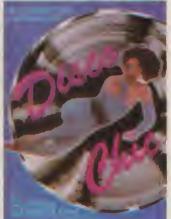
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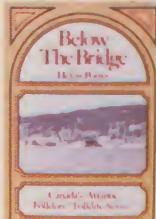
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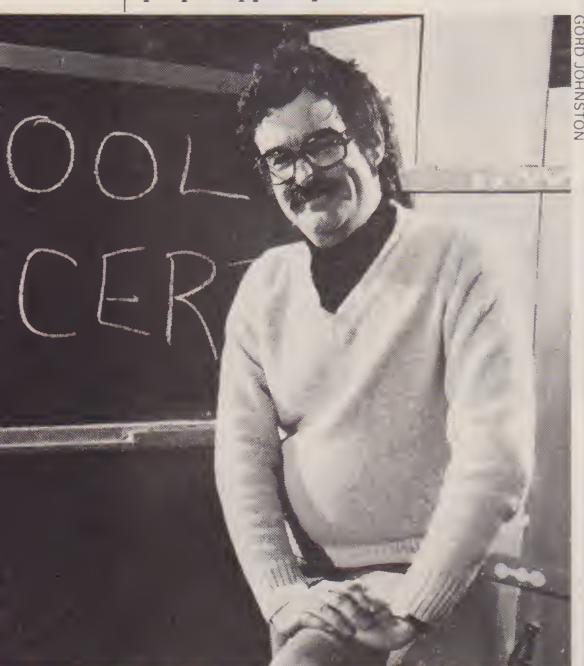
Theatre

Anne of green dollars

Backstage at "Canada's most beloved and most successful stage musical," all is definitely not sweetness and light

By Marian Bruce

If you were paying attention, you might have seen it as a bad omen when Confederation Centre stopped selling Anne of Green Gables Ice Cream during intermission time at the Charlottetown Festival. It was just plain old vanilla ice cream in little Dixie cups, but the *Anne of Green Gables* name and logo were printed on the side, and people lapped up tons of the stuff.



Francis: No Anne? "Heresy, heresy!"

Then, as Festival producer Ron Francis explains, there was a big custody fight over the ice cream—that is, whether Confederation Centre or the authors of its phenomenally successful stage play, *Anne of Green Gables*, owned the two-or-three-cents profit on each cupful. Confederation Centre finally said the hell with it, and it was Exit, Stage Right for the ice cream.

That was last year.

This year, the backstage haggling over the lovely *Anne* deteriorated to the point where it looked as though the stage show itself would go the way of the Anne of Green Gables Ice Cream. Which is something like saying that Province House could disappear at the height of the tourist season. *Anne of Green Gables*, Canada's most beloved

and most successful stage musical, is a sacred institution at the Charlottetown Festival. Every summer for 15 years it has played to houses that have been, on the average, more than 90% full. Every summer, about 30,000 misty-eyed people sit through *Anne* at Confederation Centre. Hundreds of thousands have seen the musical on tour.

Confederation Centre maintains that the Festival doesn't really make a profit on *Anne*, because production costs are so high. But *Anne* does earn a lot more money than anything else at the Festival; it pulls in close to half of the main-stage, box-office receipts. Last year it grossed \$183,000. People who ordinarily wouldn't go near the Centre's concrete-and-red-carpet interior flock to see *Anne*, and some of them return for other shows.

"Without *Anne*," says John Uren, the Centre's marketing director, "there would be no Charlottetown Festival. Because it's the one thing that gives the Festival any stability whatever. It means guaranteed revenue. The variable is how the new show will do every year. *Les Feux Follets* did very well last year; *A Summer's Night* did not. *Anne* has allowed the Festival to take some chances, some of which have worked and some have not."

All of which explains why, for a few tense days in February, Ron Francis was a worried man. Francis, a 41-year-old veteran of theatre production in Stratford, Toronto and Charlottetown, took over the Festival in October, 1978, after moving up through the ranks at the Centre for seven years. His somewhat heretical belief is that it's time for the Festival to move on to new challenges and stop letting *Anne* overshadow everything else. But four months before the opening of a new season, he was caught—to put it mildly—at an awkward moment.

Contract negotiations between the Centre and the *Anne* authors, Don Harron and Norman Campbell, had reached a showdown stage, meaning that the Festival might lose *Anne* for the first summer since its première at Confederation Centre in 1965. Francis was horrified. The 150,000 Festival brochures were about to go to press. Offers had been made to actors for *Anne*. Tic-

kets were being printed. And the only alternative to *Anne* at that late date would be reviving a tried-and-true production, such as *Johnny Belinda*, and perhaps dropping the new show, *Fauntleroy*.

"When we faced the potential of not having an *Anne of Green Gables* this year," says Francis, "we sat down to work it out. It could have caused the Festival to go under."

At the time, the Confederation Centre board and *Anne*'s authors had been trying for three years to reach agreement on a 15-year contract. During negotiations, the show has been produced at the Centre under season-by-season agreements. Last November, it seemed as though the board and the New York agent representing the authors had finally sorted out their differences. A contract was sent to Toronto for the authors to sign. In January, after the proposed contract had been turned over to the authors' Toronto lawyer, there was a conference call between Charlottetown and Toronto. It lasted for hours, Francis says, and raised a whole new set of arguments. The Centre board turned down the revised contract and asked for another interim agreement. The authors refused. Then the board fired off a telegram: No agreement, no *Anne of Green Gables* at Confederation Centre.

"It was a very tense Friday," Uren says. "We said we had to have a decision by 5 p.m., so we were the ones who made the ultimatum. We had to know one way or another."

The story thus far has a happy ending: The authors said yes, and *Anne* will open on schedule, on June 27, sharing the main stage with *Les Feux Follets* and a new musical, *Fauntleroy*. Norman Campbell, the Toronto television producer-director who composed the music for *Anne*, observes, "We could have taken a stronger position, but we didn't want to see *Anne* hurt, just because we were put into the position of a time limit....It's probably a good thing we said what we did."

By the time the agreement was reached, allowing the Centre to produce *Anne* this summer and tour with the show next year, Ron Francis had convinced himself that he could pull off a Festival without its most valuable property. "But of course, I heaved a great sigh of relief," he says. "It's no great joy to go around with the reputation of being the first producer not to have *Anne of Green Gables* at the Charlottetown Festival. I once said, just after taking over the Festival, that I'd really

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Theatre

love to produce a summer festival without *Anne of Green Gables*. Everybody started yelling, 'Heresy! Heresy!' You just don't say those kinds of things."

As Francis and any schoolchild know, there is great affection, on the Island and elsewhere, for the warm and innocent *Anne* story, with its celebration of a simple, wholesome past. And as John Uren observes, there is a lot of money to be made out of this. "People know Anne as a pretty little girl, and it's a lovely little story set on an idyllic island," Uren says. "But there's some big money involved here. Probably more money involved with this show than with any other show in the country....It's so hard to get lucky in this business that when people do, they get goddam greedy."

The roots of the *Anne* success story go back to 1908, when Lucy Maud Montgomery published her first novel about a romantic, headstrong orphan adopted by an elderly Island couple. The book sold millions of copies in 39 languages and was turned into a silent film and, in the 1930s, a talkie. In the 1950s, Campbell and Harron collaborated on a television musical based on the Montgomery book. And in 1964, Harron, then acting in Hollywood, and Campbell, working in Toronto, put together a stage musical version of *Anne of Green Gables*, keeping some of the songs from the television show.

The musical opened in Charlottetown on July 25, 1965. The audience that packed Confederation Centre gave *Anne* a standing ovation. The late Nathan Cohen, the venerable *Toronto Star* critic, wiped his eyes. His review the next day was headlined: "Truly Something Wonderful Has Happened in Charlottetown." *Anne*, in short, was an instant hit.

In 1967, the show went on a sell-out, cross-Canada tour. It went on to play in New York, crossed Canada again and opened in London in April, 1969. There, it was a smash, running for 11 months and winning an award as best musical of the year. The next year, *Anne* played in Osaka for Expo '70. In '71, the show was staged in Sweden. It toured Canada again in 1974. Now Harron and Campbell are planning a movie version, for which the first draft of a screenplay has been written. If the show has been good for the Festival and good to its writers (their royalties for Charlottetown performances were set at 8% in the most recent contract), it has also been a bonanza for certain Canadian performers.

Four actors who appeared in the role of Gilbert Blythe over the years—Claude Tessier, Jeff Hyslop, Calvin MacRae and Barrie Wood—subsequently picked up major roles in various companies of *A Chorus Line*. In the 1960s, the Festival hired local kids to play schoolchildren in *Anne*. One of them was Amanda Hancox, who started her theatre career in 1965 at age 11, and went on to star in *Johnny Belinda*, play supporting roles for several years in *Anne* and dance with *Les Feux Follets*. Another Islander, Gracie Finley, was one of five actresses to play the title role in *Anne*.

John Uren calls *Anne* "one of the most remarkable achievements in the theatre business in the history of this country." Everywhere it goes, he says, it is beloved. In Japan, where L.M. Montgomery is on the school curriculum, a consumer magazine ran an essay contest two years ago on "What *Anne of Green Gables* Means to Me." The 25

leaves the Charlottetown people feeling like the wife who puts her husband through medical school, only to have to worry about his chasing every pretty woman in sight.

In fact, Francis says the Centre board probably could have lived with the contract the authors proposed in January, were it not for the feeling that the authors were indifferent to Confederation Centre's 15-year investment in *Anne*. "We had reached a point where we'd been hassled around and shoved around and treated with so little regard," Francis says. "I mean, I got so angry at the way that New York agent was treating us, referring to us as if we were two-bit, amateur, church-basement producers. With no credit given for the thousands of dollars we have put into the pockets of Mr. Norman Campbell and Mr. Donald Harron."

Campbell will not talk about specifics of the prolonged contract dispute. That is a business question, he says, and



Campbell: It's a business question



Come on, Anne, say you're sorry

winners, in their late teens, were flown to Charlottetown for opening night. "When it was over, we took them backstage," says Uren, "and tears were just pouring out of all their eyes. And all they could say was thank you, thank you. It was one of the most moving moments I've ever seen. I don't think people here realize how important *Anne* is to other people."

Last May at the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto, where *Anne* was staged by a private investor for the first time, the show grossed \$430,000 in two weeks which, as Uren observes, "is serious money by any standards." There are people at Confederation Centre who regard that Toronto engagement as a milestone. Because of the Toronto producer's success, they say, it has become obvious that Confederation Centre is not the only game in town for *Anne*, and her authors can afford to get tougher when they sit down to negotiate contracts. Which presumably

it's *his* business. He does say that the delay has been exacerbated by the problems of long-distance negotiations, and a lack of continuity among people running the Centre (a new executive director, Bill Hancox, took over last fall). Francis says there have been fights over whether the Centre was touring the show enough; where and when the Centre could produce the show; who gets what from the sale of T-shirts, ice cream and the like; and what happens when a movie version appears.

Says Uren: "When a show doesn't work, everybody tries to get out of town as fast as they can. But when it works, then watch people fight to take the credit or the money. And that's when people get mean and nasty."

Francis agrees: "Everybody wants a bigger slice of the pie. We do too, there's no denying that. If we had the money and the time, God knows we'd want to be squeezing the show for every penny we could."

Dance

Do you wanna dance?

Till recently you couldn't be a professional dancer east of Quebec. But things are getting better. Honest

When dancer Harriet Evans left Toronto in '77, Grant State of the Dance in Canada Association, said, "You're going down east? I wish you all the luck in the world." Dancers who wanted to work in Atlantic Canada needed not just luck but also guts, gall and audacity. It's still not easy for a dancer to make it east of Quebec, but at least it's no longer unbelievable. Evans herself is now artistic director of Atlantic Dance Theatre, and it's the biggest dance success story in the region.

It's based in Moncton. When the New York City Ballet arrived in Moncton a few years ago it played to a crowd of 57, but last fall Atlantic Dance Theatre sold out a 500-seat theatre in Moncton for three nights in a row. A home-town crowd? Sure, but ADT succeeds by giving Monctonians what they want. "You could be heavy-duty artistic," Evans says, "but maybe you'd have an audience of 15. It's possible to be entertaining and artistic at the same time." ADT's February production was a mixed bag of jazz, modern and traditional dance, choreographed mostly by Evans and Susan Daniels. They're both graduates of the dance program at York University, Toronto.

Evans, director Ike Gratian and technical director John Tingley lavish 2,500 hours on each full-scale production. Such shows cost \$10,000, even with a big effort by volunteers, but even sell-outs bring in only \$4,600. Still, until recently, ADT has not asked for substantial government help. Its Dance Arts Studio, a school with more than 700 students, helps keep it alive. The school's six teachers are the nucleus of a 25-member company and, for some productions, ADT recruits dancers from among the students. The school, of course, also builds an audience for the performances.

ADT has its company, its school, a weekly TV program (*Pistrol*) and, coming soon, *DancEast '80*. It'll bring a dozen of Canada's best dancer-choreographers to Mount Allison University for three weeks in August. They'll teach ballet, modern, jazz and tap dancing, and composition-improvisation.

In Halifax, the best recent news was the collaboration of Jeanne Robinson, Francine Boucher, Diane Moore and

Barbara Morgan on The Jeanne Robinson Dance Project, scheduled for performance in May. Since 1973, and the formation of Halifax Dance Co-op, Halifax has been the centre of dance activity in the region. Dance Co-op offered classes by local teachers, imported instructors for workshops. Robinson, Boucher and Sara Shelton Mann stayed in Halifax to work with Dance Co-op, set up studios and companies of their own. But the dance community is fragmented, and Boucher says she finds more personality conflicts among dancers in Halifax than among those in either Toronto or Montreal.

"It shouldn't be like that because it's a small city," she says. "But that's

why it's like that, because it's a small city. Everybody's been trying to get everybody, fighting over students, because that's our living." Moreover, though the best dancers have performed with their own students, the results have been nothing like what might happen if the pros could get together. That's the idea behind The Jeanne Robinson Dance Project: Bring some of the pros together.

Robinson came to Halifax in '73, retreated to the country to be a wife and mother, returned in '78, committed herself ("maybe for the rest of my life") to stay and promote modern dance. She hopes others will dig in their heels and try to build a professional company in Halifax: "The talents that are here are really superb, and when we work together, it's the most....What can you say? I don't want to just say 'high.' It's not enough. It's the art of dancing."

Boucher, Robinson and Diane Moore hope to do a regional tour next



Dancing collaborators: Diane Moore, Jeanne Robinson, Barbara Morgan

JACK CUSANO

fall. *Kinergy*, a dance they performed in March, suggested their styles mix well. Sara Shelton Mann, another strong force in dance in Halifax, arrived four years ago to teach for a month, stayed to be artistic director of Dance Co-op's short-lived company, eventually left the Co-op. Her *Smashed Carapace*, performed across Canada last fall, was a collaboration with Jennifer Mascall. "So raw and brutal is the interplay sometimes," one reviewer wrote, "that the death of one of the participants would not come as a surprise." Earlier this spring, Mann expected to be back in Halifax at the Neptune Theatre on May 11 with her new group, Contraband.

Alison Masters, the only professional ballet dancer in the region, opened The Russian School of Ballet in Halifax last September. She doubled enrollment in her second term but still has only half the students she needs to guarantee the studio's survival. She performed with potter Carol Smeraldo, and also with senior students, but the demands of just keeping the studio going leave her little time to perform. If the school isn't on its feet by October, Masters will likely be off to Boston or California.

In Charlottetown, there's talk of reviving the Montage Dance Theatre, which arose last summer from the ashes of the Island Dance Ensemble. Sheila Hunt, formerly with the ensemble, says, "We were all here five years ago, and then we decided to go somewhere and learn to dance. And now, we're all deciding to come back."

Contrary to rumor, the Maritime Contemporary Dance Company is still alive in Fredericton, N.B. Nenagh Leigh, the company's first artistic director, left for Toronto last year; but Kathleen Driscoll and Zsuzsa Szabo are carrying on her work. The company produces an annual winter concert and, this spring, is hoping to tour some of its works.

Newfoundland Dance Theatre (Cathy Ferri, Gail Innis and Lisa Schwartz) started in St. John's in '74 and, in '76 and '77, produced the ambitious *Abandoned Ancestors*. It was about the history of Newfoundland. The group hasn't been active for two years because, as Schwartz says, *Abandoned Ancestors* "dwarfed us. We could never live up to it afterwards." Innis is more optimistic. She's worked as a solo artist recently, often with Newfoundland's thriving theatre groups. She thinks her environment is basically hostile to dance, but nevertheless says, "I feel that as an individual I am going to perform, and that I'll be able to do that. If enough people feel that way maybe something will happen."

—Catriona Talbot



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Movies

So now Canada has a ritzy, glitzy film awards ceremony. So who cares?

By Martin Knelman

When Donald Sutherland arrived from Los Angeles at the Toronto airport to attend Canada's annual film awards ceremony, a customs man asked him, "Are you bringing any gifts?" Sutherland replied: "No." Customs man: "What is the purpose of your visit?" Sutherland: "I'm here to present an honorary award to George Deslauriers." Customs man (triumphantly): "And what is the value of that award?"

It was a funny story, and it brought down the house at the ceremony, and maybe we shouldn't spoil it by wondering whether that suspicious customs man didn't have the right question. What is the value of these awards, anyway? Only a few years ago, the leading contenders in the Canadian film awards were *Why Shoot the Teacher*, *Outrageous!*, *Who Has Seen the Wind*, *One Man* and *J.A. Martin*, photographe—all modest, interesting films that communicated something about what it's like to live in Canada. We go to Swedish movies to find out about life in Sweden, and to Hungarian movies to find out about life in Hungary, but at the blockbuster new Canadian movies—the movies celebrated at the awards—huge amounts of money and technique are expended to foster the illusion that *we're not in Canada*.

It was to that temple of old-world refinement, the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto, with its plush, red velvet Edwardian elegance, that Canada's annual film awards came to be born again. It certainly was a change from the old days, when the statuettes were still called Etrogs (named after Sorel Etrog, the sculptor who designed them), and the winners were chosen by a jury (often a sort of international old boys' network of film buffs, assembled by Gerald Pratley), and the whole thing peaked over the bones of middling roast chicken at some lunch hall on the hotel convention circuit.

This year for the first time, under the newly hatched Academy of Canadian Cinema, those awards—renamed the Genies—were judged by industry insiders (academy members). And every attempt was made to turn the event into our very own Oscar ceremony, includ-

ing a glittering parade of star performers and presenters, and a live CBC telecast. Only on the most superficial level could you perceive the point of this affair as the rewarding of outstanding achievements in Canadian cinema. What the Genies were really all about was bringing to Canada all the glitzy promotional skills that have rubbed off on our movie people through years of watching Hollywood and Cannes from afar. The evidence was all around us: In the squealing crowds who waited in the rain to catch a glimpse of stars emerging from limos and even in the pouring of authentic French champagne and the nibbling of gourmet tidbits (unparalleled even on the Côte d'Azur) at a pre-awards bash thrown by the Canadian Film Development Corporation and the Academy.

Pretentious? Affected? Who, moi?

The whole event was especially Oscar-like in the orgy of celebrities congratulating each other. A blessed relief from all that came when Gordon Pinsent, taking the best-supporting actor prize for *Jack London's Klondike Fever* (a movie redeemed solely by Pinsent's charming performance) offered his heartfelt thanks to a hitherto unheralded team of Arctic huskies.

The well-oiled, kissy-kissy ambience was briefly shattered by Kate Lynch, who accepted her award for best actress (in *Meatballs*) with a rebuke to producers who make their "Canadian movies" with high-priced American stars in the leading roles and Canadians in bit parts. It drew an electrifying roar of approval from the crowd. Among the few who didn't seem to get the point was Christopher Plummer, who flew in to pick up his prize for his Sherlock Holmes performance in *Murder by Decree*. With singular lack of grace, Plummer tried to put that upstart nationalist (whose name he couldn't remember) in her place. It's talent, not citizenship that counts, he lectured. Plummer's overworked eyebrow has rarely looked as strained.

One point Kate Lynch might have mentioned is that she was an almost automatic winner in her category because the other four nominees were French—and the Quebec film industry was only nominally a part of this event.

Though officially bilingual and national in scope, this new academy is a completely Toronto-dominated, English-language creature. *Cordelia*, a French-language National Film Board feature, was shown at most of the members' screenings without subtitles, and few of the voters who saw it understood it. Yet this movie, about a 19th-century rural woman and her lover falsely accused and hanged for the murder of her husband, was the most interesting of the contenders. *Cordelia* has already opened in Montreal. Whether it will ever be seen in theatres in English Canada remains extremely doubtful. At the Genies, it got just one token award—for Louise Jobin's costumes.

What, finally, can be said for an event that lavishes seven awards on something like the Garth Drabinsky-Joel Michaels movie *The Changeling*? If we aren't careful, "Canadian movies" will earn a place on that list of phrases (like "designer jeans" and "educational television") ridiculed by satirist Fran Lebowitz on the grounds that one word in each phrase contradicts the essence of the other word.

The ceremony's climactic act of humility came when Jack Lemmon, the star of the next Michaels-Drabinsky movie, *Tribute*, returned to the stage where he first played the wisecracking loser of Bernard Slade's shameless play, to present the award for best picture of the year to... (we hear the sound of an envelope ripping) well, aw shucks, what a coincidence, those two fine fellows, Lemmon's bosses. Lemmon confided he'd be proud to attend the Genies even if they'd been held in the basement of a deli, and he admitted he couldn't tell what a good movie was—a deficiency shared, evidently, by the voting members of the academy. What with Michaels, Drabinsky, Lemmon and Slade all up there lauding each other and getting moist-eyed with moral uplift, it was the greatest orgy of lump-in-the-throat self-congratulation since... well, since the original production of *Tribute*. And, not incidentally, it was an absolutely free promotion for the upcoming movie version of *Tribute*.

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Dalton Camp's column

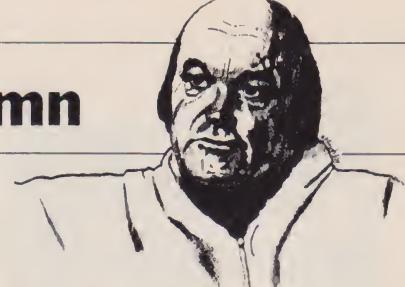
Stand back, Lévesque. Jemseg wants out, too

*What do the Jemseg separatists really want?
Why merely to be masters in their own house*

People in Jemseg and the area, including the Narrows, are watching the referendum campaign in Quebec with a more than passing interest. While there are few separatists around these parts, and even fewer sovereignty-associates, there is a growing number in the Movement here who would like to go it alone. And the feeling is that if Quebec can get out of the deal and still keep Mirabel, Dorval, the Seaway and the Montreal Expos, then we should be able to get clear of Canada—particularly New Brunswick—and keep the new Narrows bridge and what little of the Trans-Canada Highway there is. I mean, it's not asking for a lot, especially when we're willing to give back the post office, no questions asked.

Jemseg and the Narrows is not an area like the rest. True, if anybody has original title to the land, it would be the Indians. But they haven't been here since 1715 and appear to have lost interest. Meanwhile, our economy is run from Montreal and Toronto and most of the good jobs are held by Episcopalians in Fredericton, leaving us to hew wood and draw water. What with the energy crisis, and the world shortage of water, we figure to have a great future if we're able to work out our own deals.

I don't know if you saw the Movement's white paper, entitled *Getting Out While Staying In*, or not. It's been printed for everyone to see in the *Grand Lake Mirror*. We make a strong case for the preservation of our own culture,



threatened as it is by the coming of cable television (only 10 years away, some say), shopping malls and the Cuisinart. But it's pretty clear, if you read the whole thing, that we want to remain friends with Canadians, even those in New Brunswick. Furthermore, we would stay in the Commonwealth.

We see the future of Jemseg and the Narrows as a duty-free tax haven; as it is now, we pay sales tax, income tax, business tax, gas tax, and licence fees for everything that moves. In return, all we get back from the government is an allowance for those too young to know what to do with it and pensions for those too old to enjoy it. Our economist tells us if we kept our tax money and took nothing, and including what we'd save from not having any MP or MLA, we'd have enough left over to buy an NHL franchise. If you add to that the revenues we'd get from the toll bridges and river ferries, plus the income from the new tourist scenery tax, we'd be well-off enough to lend money to Alberta. No question we'll be viable, as well as self-sufficient.

The referendum date has been scheduled for June and the early part of July. True, we haven't yet settled on the question exactly, but it won't be as long as the one they have in Quebec. We're working on a three-part, triple-option ballot in which the voters can vote "In" or "Out" or "Part Way."

The Movement strongly urges an "Out" vote, although there is, truth to tell, a lot of "Part Way" sentiment in Lower Jemseg and down towards the Gagetown ferry. Our surveys show hardly any support at all for voting "In"—in fact, the only known voter of that type is the provincial road supervisor and he's from Chipman anyway.

The Movement is anxious that the voters understand the referendum. Voting "Out" doesn't really mean getting out; it only means we'll negotiate to see how far out we can get. Which is why it doesn't make sense to vote "Part Way," because then you could end up further in than farther out. And, as we keep reminding people, if they vote "In," it only means there'll be another referendum but with a different question. Many outsiders appear puzzled by the Jemseg referendum. That's natural enough, I suppose, because the truth is that outsiders don't understand the people of Jemseg area and the Narrows. Never have. Never will.

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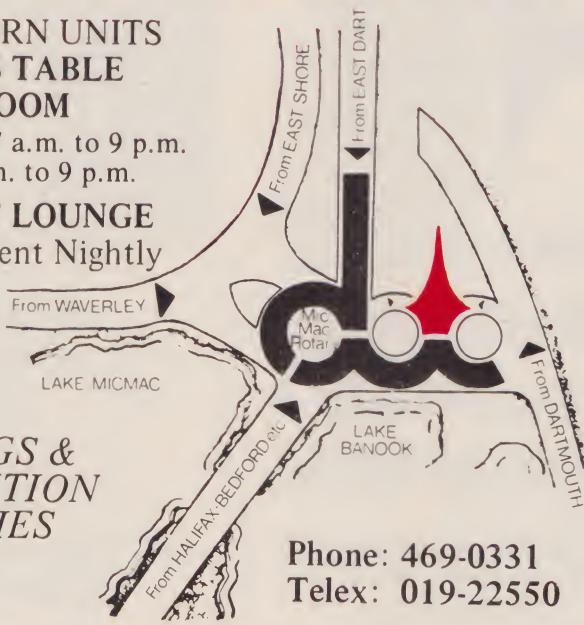
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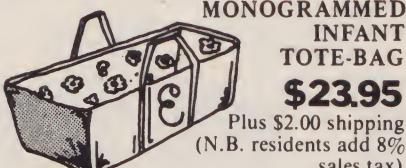
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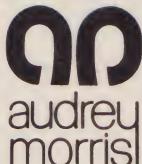


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Marilyn MacDonald's column

Daily Smile: Daily rage

At last, the Halifax Herald gets controversial. Its little jokes make some readers fighting mad

God knows, we want to be good sports about all of this. It's the question of the Daily Smile.

The Daily Smile is a joke, a little brightener which appears on page one of *The Chronicle-Herald*, Halifax's morning newspaper. It's supposed to keep the jam from souring on your toast as you contemplate the latest oil price increases. Here's an example, not untypical: A boy mails a cheap gift home to his father from school. Inside the parcel is a note which says, "Dear Dad: This isn't much, but it's all you can afford."

Not much to get excited about there, you say. That shows how much you know. The Daily Smile has surfaced this spring as a matter of debate in the Nova Scotia legislature. People are writing letters to the editor about it. Columnists are debating it.

It started with Bill MacEachern, a Liberal MLA for Inverness, who rose in the House to ask the minister responsible for the status of women to try to persuade the newspaper to stop running the Daily Smile. MacEachern feels many of the jokes are made at the expense of women and finds the feature "unfunny and chauvinistic." Under the previous administration, MacEachern himself was once the minister responsible for such matters and given to sage observations that social inequalities can't be changed overnight, a proverb that must come taped inside the portfolio. During the intervening years in opposition, however, he's apparently grown more restive. Anyway, the Daily Smile has got to him.

Letters began arriving at the *Herald* almost immediately. Some were from women who claimed they didn't mind the jokes. "Speaking as a woman," wrote one, "I have never taken the Daily Smiles other than in the light-hearted way they are meant to be taken." Enter, then, from the *Herald's* opinion page, E.D. Haliburton a former minister of Agriculture during the Stanfield years and a regular contributor whose reflections come laced with gleanings from the bulletins of the



DAVID NICHOLS

U.S. Federal Agricultural Organization and, on matters concerning women, from the musings of St. Peter and St. Paul. He thinks we're taking the whole thing too seriously. In his own finely turned phrase, "It will be a sorry world if we cannot enjoy a bit of humor at somebody's expense occasionally." Jokes, he points out, "usually have to be at somebody's expense."

If you're quick, you'll notice that we've slipped off the point. Bill MacEachern and his supporters weren't complaining about the existence of such jokes but to their becoming institutionalized by appearing under the imprimatur of a respectable organ of the press. Nevertheless, though you wouldn't suspect him of being a bluenose Lenny Bruce, Haliburton may be on to something. Perhaps the solution is to loosen up, rear back and bad-mouth everybody. But do it in print, where we can all enjoy the fun.

Now, let's see. A lot of those jokes probably went underground during the Sixties when we got so terribly sensitive about such things. But, with a little work, they shouldn't be too hard to find. Are Mandy and Rastus still around? And what about all those words, struck from our vocabularies, that we can start using again now? We can have jokes about them all—chinks, wops, WASPS, coons, fruits. Recite them every morning, it'll be good for you. And while you're at it, there are a couple of dandy stories about the Pope and a really cute one about the Queen.

I wonder what Earl Butz is doing these days, because if he's not busy, he'd be just the person to edit our new humor page. Butz is a former state secretary for agriculture (they're a load of laughs, those guys) in the U.S. government who, one fine day a few years ago, delivered himself of a few hilarious lines about what the black man really wants out of life. So narrow was the thinking of the time that his remarks caused an awful row which swept him out of the cabinet. Like most prophets, he was just a little ahead of his time.

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The view from D'Escousse in a good, hot, thriller

Silver Donald Cameron, *Dragon Lady*, McClelland & Stewart, \$12.95

In three obvious ways, Silver Donald Cameron's first novel, *Dragon Lady*, is a traditional thriller. First, like many an Eric Ambler, it centres on a more or less innocent man who stumbles into a sinister plot from which he barely escapes with his life. Second, it uses the thriller form to convey information about the author's interests, in this case sailing a schooner off the Nova Scotia coast—just as Dorothy L. Sayers used one mystery novel to tell us all about bell ringing and Conan Doyle, in one of the Holmes books, gave us a potted history of Mormonism. Third, *Dragon Lady* ends with a spectacular James Bond-style explosion, which will greatly increase the cost of the movie version.

What sets *Dragon Lady* apart, and makes it a memorable novel as well as a highly readable thriller, is the humane vision at the core of the book. Cameron takes the occasion of his first thriller as an opportunity to promote his own view of the world, the same view he has often set forth in journalism and his non-fiction books. We might call it The View from D'Escousse, N.S. In Cameron's mind, small towns are realities, big cities are abstractions. Independent fishermen and their friends are authentic, corporations are unreal. People on the Cape Breton shore know how to live but people in big cities have forgotten.

The hero of *Dragon Lady* lives in Nectar Harbour in Nova Scotia, where,

he explains, men and women still live as they have lived through most of history. "It's a human place to live. It makes sense. You can understand it. You know the rules—not the laws, but the informal rules....You help your neighbor out. You don't waste money....You know where people come from, who their parents were, what their habits are." Nectar Harbour, he tells us, is "probably one of the last places on earth...where events have causes you can really understand."

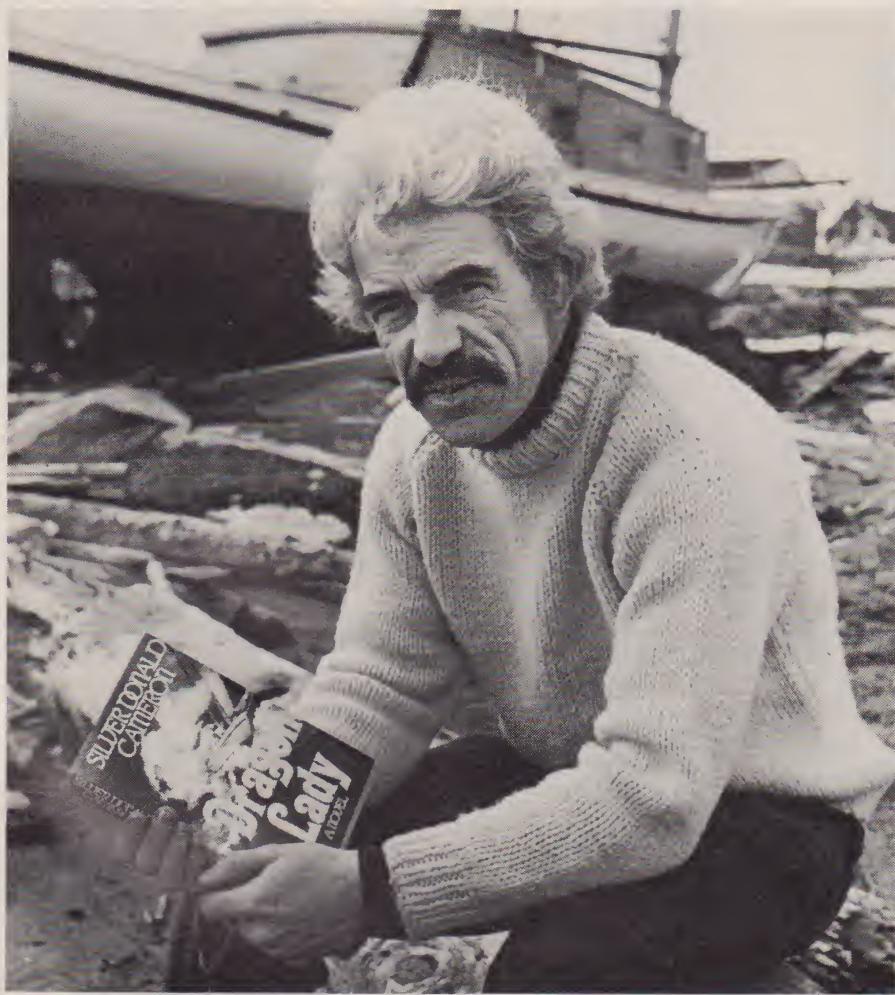
Peter Landry admits this is a conservative view but it's not an expression of nostalgia for the past because he's living just such a life in the present. He's an American army deserter of Acadian roots who has settled down happily in Cape Breton. He finds his greatest satisfaction sailing a schooner, *Giselle*, which his Acadian uncle helped him build. But the outside world—the world of big cities, multinational corporations, war machines—temporarily shatters his idyllic life and sucks him into a conspiracy.

His brother Wally, a deepsea diver and airplane pilot who operates out of New York, suddenly disappears. Peter begins to investigate, meets a wall of official silence and smells a suspicious cover-up. He goes to New York, joins forces with a Jewish left-wing journalist (the Dustin Hoffman part), and finds himself in the middle of an international intrigue. The outside world turns out to be just as evil as Peter always said it was. (Though even Peter might admit it has some compensations, such as the beautiful city-bred sociology student who joins him on *Giselle* and enthusiastically takes part in the exposure of evil.)

The conspiracy is apparently headed by a Mr. Big who is involved in the international nuclear arms trade, perhaps with the Arabs. The CIA may or may not be involved. The Canadian government, and even the External Affairs minister, are drawn in. The Mounties are accomplices, willing or unwilling. There is a Mafia hit man on Peter's trail. To survive, Peter has to turn into what he would not let the U.S. Army make him—a killer.

But in the end he's not the casual, death-dealing, amoral survivor so familiar to readers of thrillers. He acts out of firmly held principles, and for the most part his principles sustain him. If he gets a little preachy along the way, and if for a landlubber's tastes he talks rather a lot about the beauty of sailing a schooner, then he can be forgiven on grounds that he's one of the most attractive characters to appear in the thriller business in a long time.

—Robert Fulford



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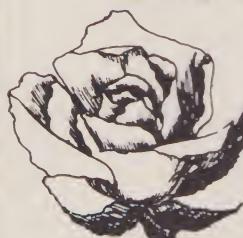
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Ray Guy's column

"Listen, my friends and you shall hear..."

A short course for mainlanders on the strange, sordid history of a large rock

That froth from a bull's pizzle, Charles II—I usually commence—and that iridescent scum off a Gallic bog, Louis XIV, are largely to blame for the state poor Newfoundland is in today.

What I am doing is trying to encapsulate, for the benefit of a visitor or a newcomer who has just had supper under my roof, the history of Newfoundland. I am at a great disadvantage and, to save face, I tend to blame it on the schools. That is not altogether a "cop-out" because for the first five years or so, my generation was pumped chock-a-block with Greek, Roman and British history. For the next 10 (Confederation—1949) we were drilled exclusively on the cost sheets of the Hudson's Bay Company and the number of spots on Laura Secord's cow.

The visitor is newly arrived and thus innocent of all besides Screech and Joey Smallwood and fog. Agog and freshly come. You strike while the iron is hot and press your advantage while the guest is still jet-lagged and culture-shocked.

Ah, yes, I say, pressing my advantage helter-skelter, as is our bounden duty. After his daddy got the chop, Charles II hightailed it for France. There, Louis XIV gave him board and room. But, you see, when Charles returned to his own kingdom, he did not forget the hospitality of Louis of France and, so, sold the said Sun King half of the island of Newfoundland at an extremely reasonable price.

There, old man—I say—is where the heft of it all started. Sure, let me freshen our drinks. Your hotel room is booked, sure and certain, you got a nice solid supper in your poor stomach, the taxis in St. John's run all hours of the night...so what's to hinder you from relaxing yourself a bit, what?

These French-English boundaries on the island of Newfoundland, they used to shift them around all over the place according as how Paris and London felt. Years and years and years, that was the system. From the time of Charles II and Louis XIV until...when? I'll warn you, old chappie, most mainlanders are always a few centuries out.

Until 1904. That was the year when the French gave up all claim to the island of Newfoundland and withdrew to the archipelago of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Times long ago, that was. What? Oh, stop worrying sir, and fretting. St. John's taxi drivers can navigate in any fog save that engendered by the breath of hell puffed out against the logical posts of heaven's gate. Nice? You're welcome. We feel it's expected of us.

What I do myself to make sense of all these veiled centuries, sir, is, I see this family consisting of the father, the mother, the grown boy, the babe and the suckling ensconced in a stinking log-tilt up there somewhere in Notre Dame Bay. Very good, then. How do they occupy the twelvemonth of the year? Standing watch, is how.

For they are vermin. It is the law of England and it is the law of France that it is outlawry for them to be there at all. They are inside-outside international boundaries. Comes then a break in the fog and, through it, a frigate flying the Union Jack. Springs the grown boy from his post and pellmell to the tilt and sounds the, whadycallit, tocsin bell. Off they all plunge in a terror into the woods behind the shore to peer through the bushes as the Royal Marines row ashore and burn their house to the rocks.

Next time it is the soldiers of France who scorch to the ground the house they have built up again. Then it is the turn of the pirates. By this time the suckling, of course, is sensible enough so that they do not have to jam a batch of moss into its mouth to keep it from giving the game away.

You haven't got a worry in the world, sir. I'm after giving the taxi driver this number here and the number of your hotel. Hotel Newfoundland, is it now? Built over the grounds of where Fort William used to be. Sure, your very hotel was burned twice by the French and occupied God knows how many times by the English.

Twice the French roared into St. John's off their own legal half of the island and took your hotel where Fort William once was. D'Iberville, commander. D'Iberville sent down from Canada with a bunch of Iroquois in his



van, Iroquois of whom there is none more dedicated to the task in hand except, perhaps, a Jesuit. Burned St. John's city twice. Second time, Fort William was a bit balky so me Lord d'Iberville gave his Iroquois a gold whatever for which price said savages scalped a Newfoundland mother and her infant, lashed infant to mother's back and drove the spectacle into the fort to cause its surrender.

That year, the French burned every house and village on the Avalon Peninsula and deported every inhabitant. Next year had the Dutch under de Ruyter or the pirates under Easton or ...anyone...soon there would have been no able-bodied men to abduct or women with whom to be naughty or babies to dispose of. Ah, there's your taxi, sir. Right on the dot. Pleasure to have you and come back again.

No, no, no. Wasn't you woke up the baby, it was that whoreson taxi driver blowing his bloody horn. Anyway, here it is down the stairs in its mother's arms, so kiss the gentleman from *The Globe and Mail*, Toronto, good night, baby Anne.

Good night, sir, good night. "We've barely touched on the history of the island of Newfoundland but perhaps if you'd care to drop by again tomorrow...if the fog at Torbay Airport don't lift..."

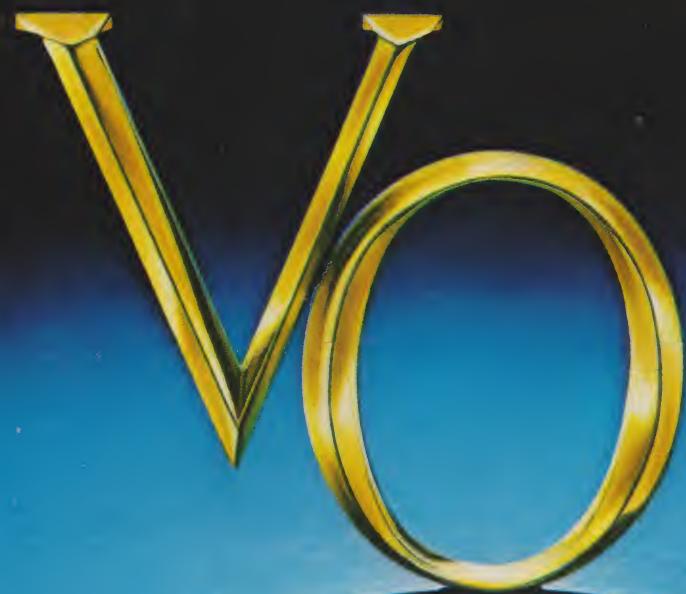
As I said, it is the bounden duty of each and every one of us but the time after supper is so short. One of these days I'm going to capture a newcomer under my own roof and in less than 1,001 nights will get to the end, at last, of the History. I wonder what that will be? I worry about it. After all, you can't beat a story with a beginning similar to this:

March 27, 1613—There was born this day at Cuper's Cove in the New Found Land, to Nicholas Guy and wife, an lusty boy child.

There must have been lots of us who didn't take chill whilst peeping through the bushes with moss stuffed in our gobs, though, because there are lots of houses I could have sent a mainland journalist on to had he failed, in fact, to book his hotel.

Some of them even more self-indulgent than my own.

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